An Unforgetable Mountain Queen

Books have been written about famous feud, but the heart of the Hatfields was a lady.

STATE MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 1, 1964
SUNDAY GAZETTE-MAIL

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BY HOWARD B. LEE
(Former Attorney General of West Virginia)

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This article is based, not only upon my present recollection of the interviews described, but also upon the extensive notes I recorded in my diary immediately after they took place.

Over the years, much has been written about the male members of the Hatfield clan who took part in that early orgy of blood-letting—the Hatfield-McCoy feud. But nothing has been said concerning the indomitable wives of that stalwart breed of men.

My purpose is to pay a richly deserved tribute to one of those pioneer women—the late Nancy Elizabeth, wife of William Anderson Hatfield, commonly known as "Cap," second son of Devil Anse, and the most deadly killer of the feud.

More than 30 years have passed since I last talked with her; but I still regard Nancy Elizabeth Hatfield as the most remarkable and unforgettable woman of the mountains.

In the spring of 1924, I was a candidate in the primary election for the Republican nomination for attorney general, and I wanted the Hatfield influence. Devil Anse had died in 1921, and his mantle of leadership of the clan had fallen to his oldest living son, Cap—a power in Logan County politics.

I had met Cap, casually, in 1912, but I had not seen him since that meeting. But his sister, Mrs. Betty Caldwell, and her husband, lived in my county of Mercer, and were among my political supporters. To pave the way for my later meeting with Cap, I had Mrs. Caldwell write and ask him to support me.

Later, when campaigning in the City of Logan, I engaged a taxi to take me the few miles up Island Creek to Cap's home. The car stopped suddenly, and the driver pointed to a comfortable-looking farm house on the other side of the creek and said:

"That's Cap's home, and that's Cap out there by the barn."

I told him to return for me in two hours.

Cap saw me get out of the car, and, as I crossed the creek on an old-fashioned footlog, I saw him fold his arms across his chest and slip his right hand under his coat. Later, I noticed a large pistol holstered under his left arm. Even in that late day, Cap took no chances with strangers. When I got within speaking distance, I told him my name, and that I had come to solicit his support in my campaign for attorney general. He gave me a hearty handclasp, and said:

"My sister, Mrs. Caldwell, wrote us about you. But, let's go to the house, my wife is the politician in our family."

Cap was reluctant to commit himself "so early." But Nancy Elizabeth thought otherwise. Finally, Cap agreed to support me, and, with that point settled, we visited until my taxi returned.

Meanwhile, with Cap's approval, Nancy Elizabeth gave me the accompanying, heretofore unpublished, photograph of the Devil Anse Clan. In 1963 I rephotographed it and sent a print to Willis Hatfield (number 22 in pictura), only survivor of Devil Anse, who made the identifications. Nancy Elizabeth is number 16, and the baby in her lap is her son, Robert Elliott, born April 29, 1897. Therefore, the photograph must have been made late in 1897, or early in 1898.

A few months after Cap's death (August 22, 1930), the West Virginia newspaper publishers and editors held their annual convention in Logan. I was invited to address the group at a morning session. That same day, Sheriff Jack Hatfield and his brother, Tennis, younger brothers of Cap, gave an ox-roast dinner for the visiting newsmen and their guests. The picnic was held on a narrow strip of bottom land, on Island Creek, a half-mile below the old home of Devil Anse.

I ate lunch with Nancy Elizabeth and her sister-in-law, Betty Caldwell. After lunch, at the suggestion of Mrs. Caldwell, we three drove up the creek to the old home of her father—Devil Anse. It was a large, two-story, frame structure (since destroyed by fire), then occupied by Tennis Hatfield, youngest son of Devil Anse.

The most interesting feature in the old home was Devil Anse's gun-room. Hanging along its walls were a dozen, or more, high-powered rifles, and a number of large caliber pistols, ranging from the earliest to the latest models. "The older guns," said Nancy Elizabeth, "were used in the feud."

As we returned, we stopped at the family cemetery that clings uncertainly to the steep mountainside, overlooking the picnic grounds. There, among the mountains he loved and ruled, old Devil Anse found peace. A life-size statue of the old man, carved in Italy (from a photograph) of the finest Carrara marble, stands in majestic solitude above his grave. On its four-foot high granite base are carved

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the names of his wife and their thirteen children

Our next stop was at the home of Nancy Elizabeth, the same home where I visited with her and Cap during my campaign For nearly three hours I asked questions and listened to that remarkable woman recount many of her experiences as the wife of America's most celebrated feudist

Nancy Elizabeth's home also held a number of guns, pistols, and other relics of the feud days But the most interesting item was Cap's bullet-proof, steel breastplate, designed to cover the entire front half of his body from his neck to his lower abdomen

"Mrs. Hatfield," I said, "judging from the three bullet marks on it, this breastplate was a great protection to Cap, but what was to prevent an enemy from shooting him in the back?" Her eyes flashed as she replied: "Mr. Lee, Cap Hatfield never turned his back on an enemy or a friend"

"I have read two stories, Mrs Hatfield, each purporting to give the true cause of the feud:

►One book stated that it was the result of a dispute between a McCoy and a Hatfield over the ownership of a hog;

►Another book said that it grew out of the seduction of a McCoy girl by Johnson Hatfield, oldest son of Devil Anse. Is either one of these stories true?"

No. Neither story is true," she replied. "The McCoys lived on the Kentucky side of Tug River, and the Hatfields lived on the West Virginia side. Hogs don't swim rivers. I never heard the girl story until I read it in a book, written long after the feud was over. Both stories are pure fiction

"The truth is," she continued, "in the fall of 1882, in an election-day fight between Ellison Hatfield, a younger brother of Devil Anse, and three McCoy brothers, Ellison was shot and knifed He died two days later. In retaliation, Devil Anse and his clan captured and shot the three McCoy brothers. It was these four senseless killings that started the feud."

In answer to my inquiry, Nancy Elizabeth said

"Yes, there had been 'bad blood' between the two families since the Civil War. In that struggle the Hatfields were 'Rebels', — loyal to their State, Virginia. Devil Anse organized and was the captain of a company of Confederate sympathizers called the 'Logan Wildcats' They were recruited for local defense, but they left the county long enough to take part in the battle of Scary, fought along the banks of the Kanawha River, a few miles below Charleston

"The McCoys, and their mountain neighbors, were pro-Union, and to protect their region against invasion by 'Virginia Rebels', they organized a military company called 'Home Guards' There were occasional border clashes between the two forces, with casualties on both sides The war ended only seven-teen years before the feud began, and the bitterness still existed in the minds of the [illegible]

their children It was the old sectional and political hatreds that sparked the fight between Ellison Hatfield and the McCoy brothers"

Nancy Elizabeth declined to estimate the number killed on either side in the feud

"It was a horrible nightmare to me — she said "Sometimes, for months Cap never spent a night in our house He and Devil Anse with others, slept in the nearby woods to guard our homes against surprise attacks At times, too we women and our children slept in hidden shelters in the forests

"But these assaults were not one-sided affairs The Hatfields crossed the Tug and killed McCoys It was a savage war of extermination regardless of age or sex Finally, to get our children to a safer locality, we Hatfields left Tug River crossed the mountains, and settled here on Island Creek, a tributary of the Guyandot River

"No there was no formal truce ending hostilities After a decade, or more, of fighting and killing, both sides grew tired and quit The McCoys stayed in Kentucky and the Hatfields kept to West Virginia the feud was really over a long time before either side realized it.

"Yes, Kentucky offered a large reward for the capture of Devil Anse and Cap The governor of West Virginia refused to extradite them because, said he, 'their trials in Kentucky would be nothing more than legalized lynchings' It was then that Kentucky's governor offered the reward for their capture, —'dead or alive'. Three attempts were made by reward seekers to capture them

"Dan Cunningham, a Charleston detective, with two Cincinnati detectives, made the first attempt They came through Kentucky, and crossed Tug River in the night, but the Hatfields soon captured them A justice of the peace sentenced them to 90 days in Logan County jail for 'disturbin' the peace'. When released, they were told to follow the Guyandot River to Huntington, a distance of 60 miles, and 'not to come back'.

"Next, a man named Phillips led two raids from Kentucky into Hatfield territory In the first, he captured 'Coltonlop' Mounts, a relative and supporter of the Hatfields, and took him to Pikeville, Kentucky, where he was hanged But the second foray met with disaster at the 'Battle of the Grapevine'. Phillips, and some of his followers, escaped into Kentucky, but some were buried where they fell

"This was the last attempt of the reward seekers. However, Kentucky never withdrew the reward offer, and that is why Devil Anse and Cap were always armed and on the alert"

"Mrs Hatfield, your husband and his father bore the same given names, — 'William Anderson' How did they get the nicknames of 'Cap' and 'Devil Anse'?"

"It is very simple," she replied. "Early in life Devil Anse's name was shortened to 'Anse'. During, and after, the Civil War he was called 'Captain Anse'. The son, because he had the

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father 'Devil Anse' and the son 'Bad Cap' The newspapers took up the names and they stuck Devil Anse liked and cultivated his title, but, eventually, the word 'Bad' was dropped from Cap's nickname

"Was I afraid" For years, day and night, I lived in fear. Afraid for my own safety, and for the safety of my loved ones Constant fear is a terrible emotion. It takes a heavy toll, mentally and physically

"I now think that my most anxious moments, as well as my greatest thrill, came years after the feud was over. In 1922, Tennis Hatfield and another depaty sheriff went over to Pikeville, Kentucky, to return a prisoner, wanted in Logan County While there, Tennis visited the aged Randolph McCoy, surviving leader if his clan during the feud (Tennis was born long after the feud was over) The old man was delighted to see 'Devil Anse'a youngest son', and Tennis spent the night with him

"The next morning, Randolph told Tennis that he was going home with him 'I want to see Cap,' he said, 'and tell him how glad I am that I didn't kill him I am sorry Devil Anse is gone. I would like to see him, too.' Tennis was worried He didn't know how Cap would receive his old enemy. So, he left Randolph in Logan while he come up to our place to consult Cap.

"Cap listened to Tennis' story, and said·

'Does he come in peace?'

'Yes,' said Tennis, 'he comes in peace.'

'Does he come unarmed?'

'Yes, he comes unarmed'

'Then I shall be happy to greet him in the same way. Bring him up for supper, and he shall spend the night with us.

"My anxious moments were just before these two strong-willed men met. I knew how they had hated each other; that each had tried to kill the other, more than once, that each had killed relatives and friends of the other; and I was afraid of what they might do when they stood face to face.

"My thrill came when I saw them clasp hands, and heard each one tell the other how happy he was to see him. They talked far into the night, and both were up early the next morning, eager to continue their talks. Tennis came about one o'clock to drive Randolph back to his Kentucky home. Cap watched them until they passed out of sight up the creek, and then remarked 'You know, I always did like that cantankerous old cuss'

Cap and Randolph never saw each other again

Mrs Hatfield we have talked much about an era that [illegible] gone [illegible] feuds are ended, railroads and paved highways have come, the [illegible] industry has developed churches and schools are everywhere and people are [illegible] we [illegible] like to know some[illegible] of the remarkable [illegible] Nancy Hatfield [illegible] me

[illegible] Elizabeth Smith called [illegible] kin and friends born in Wayne County, West Virginia, September 16, 1866 (She died August 24, 1942) In her early years, she lived "close enough to the Ohio River," she said, "to see the big boats that brought people and goods up from below" She attended a country school three months out of the year, and acquired the rudiments of a common school education, plus a yearning for wider knowledge

While she was still a young girl her parents moved by push-boat up the Big Sandy and Tug rivers into what is now Mingo County then Logan County They settled in the wilderness on Mate Creek near the site of the present town of Matewan

"Why they made that move," said Nancy Elizabeth, "I have never understood"

In her new environment, in the summer of 1880 when she was 14 years old, Nancy Elizabeth married Joseph M Glenn, an enterprising young adventurer from Georgia, who had established a store in the mountains, and floated rafts of black walnut logs, and other lumber, down the Tug and Big Sandy rivers to the lumber mills of Catlettsburg, Ky., and Portsmouth, Ohio.

Two years after their marriage Glenn was waylaid and murdered by a former business associate, named Bill Smith—no relation to Nancy Elizabeth Smith escaped into the wilderness and was never apprehended The 16-year old widow was left with a three-weeks old infant son, who grew to manhood, and for years, that son, the late Joseph M Glenn, was a leading lawyer in the city of Logan

On October 11, 1883, a year after her husband's death, at the age of 17, Nancy Elizabeth married the 19-year old Cap Hatfield, second son of Devil Anse.

"He was the best looking young man in the settlement," she proudly told me.

But at that time Cap had little to recommend him, except his good looks. He was born Feb. 8, 1864, during the Civil War, and grew up in a wild and lawless wilderness, where people were torn and divided by political and sectional hatreds and family feuds —a rugged, mountain land, without roads, schools, or churches.

When he married, Cap could neither read nor write, but he possessed the qualities necessary for survival in that turbulent time and place—he was "quick on the draw, and a dead shot"

"When we were married, Cap was not a very good risk as a husband," said Nancy Elizabeth. "The feud had been going on for a year, and he was already its most deadly killer Kentucky had set a price on his head But we were young, he was handsome, and I was deeply in love with him Besides, he was the best shot on the border, and I was confident that he could take care of himself and he did"

Nancy Elizabeth taught her handsome husband to read and write, and imparted to him the meager learning she had acquired in the country school in Wayne County But, more important she instilled into him her own hunger for knowledge

Cap had a brilliant mind and he set about

Hatfield clan as identified by Willis Hatfield, only surviving son of Devil Anse. By numbers: 1, Rose Brawning, daughter; 2, Tray; 3, Betty Caldwell; 4, Elias; 5, Tom Chafin, nephew; 6, Joe; 7, Oxer Damran, a hired hand; 8, Shepherd, 9, Coleman, 10, Levica Emma; 11, Bill Borden, store clerk; 12, Mary Hensley-Simpkins-Hawes; 13, Vica Simpkins; 14, Devil Anse; 15, Levica, wife; 16, Nancy Elizabeth, 17, Robert Elliott; 18, Louise; 19, Cap; 20, Tennis, 21, Vica, daughter of Johnson; 22, Willis, and 23, Yellow Watch, the coon dog.

biography, and they also subscribed for and read a number of the leading magazines of their day. In time they built up a small library of good books, which they read and studied along with their children.

At the urging of Nancy Elizabeth, Cap decided to study law, and enrolled at the University Law School at Huntingdon, Tennessee. But six months later, a renewal of the feud brought him back to the mountains. He never returned to law school, but continued his legal studies at home, and was admitted to the bar in Wyoming and Mingo counties. However, he never practiced the profession.

Nancy Elizabeth and Cap raised seven of their nine children, and Nancy's eyes grew moist when she talked of the sacrifices she and Cap had made that their children might obtain what their fate had denied to their parents. But her face glowed with a mother's pride when she said:

"All our children are reasonably well educated. Three are college graduates, and the others attended college from one to three years. But above everything else, they are all good and useful citizens."

As I left the home of the remarkable and unforgettable Nancy Hatfield, I knew that I had been in the presence of a queenly woman—a real "Mountain Queen."

End

Clipped by Lant Rader Slaven

Charleston Gazette Jan 12 1958

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The Funeral of Devil Anse

By Lois Powers

226-A S[illegible]
South Charleston

A cold mixt[illegible] and snow beat steadi[illegible] against the crude log farmhouse. It ran in tiny rivulets down the dark soil to form muddy poo[illegible] in the rocky trail. Along this trail they came, slowly, funereally, from the rhododendron-chokey valleys, the greenbrier-covered mountains, the lowlands of the Guyandotte, the Big Sandy and the Tug. They came to see him buried.

Fra[illegible] of [illegible] buffon to [illegible] It [illegible] the [illegible] kened t[illegible] waiting [illegible] at Sh[illegible] for the return of passengers who had trekked the desolate miles from Logan to pay their last respects to a dead chieftain.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of Jan. 18, 1921, a [illegible] day, a fitting day for a funeral.

They stood in the parlor around the flower-laden casket, this motley mass of mourners. They were hillmen dressed in backwoods garb. They were "city people" from [illegible] Huntington and Princeton. [illegible] shirts and expensive business suits brushed shoulders in the crowd.

On the porch they huddled to escape the rain and to speak in muted tones of the chieftain who had died.

"[illegible] man he was," said one judiciously.

"Made folks welcome when they come to see him," another said.

"Reckon as how he was the best friend and [illegible] I [illegible] of . . ."

"[illegible] many a [illegible] meal, I did with him and [illegible] woman . . ."

[illegible] and on it went, the [illegible] roughly-spoken eulogy.

* * *

SID THOMPSON [illegible] large [illegible] the [illegible] length of [illegible] the [illegible] He [illegible] one of [illegible] West [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible]

THOUSANDS followed the coffin, the damp air penetrating to the [illegible] of their bones [illegible] hollow some 300 feet down the [illegible] of a mountain [illegible]. Here was the family burial [illegible], the casket encased in a steel [illegible] was lowered into an open grave [illegible] bodies of Troy and Elias, two of [illegible] sons.

Again Sid Thompson and a choir led the singing. Then "Uncle Dike" Garrett, a pastor and old friend of the dead patriarch, took charge of the unusual services. Previously he had baptized the deceased. On this bleak day, the aged preacher had come to bury him.

W. A. Robinson who had been a soldier in the Confederate troops commanded by the chieftain in Civil War days uttered a simple prayer. Rev. Green McNeely said a few brief words. Then "Uncle Dike" began to extoll salvation and caution of the proximity of death.

A son of the deceased came forward to declare himself ready to be saved, vowing to be done with fighting and hatred. "Uncle Dike" promised to baptize him.

The mourners drew close as family and near kin stepped to the grave once more to view the dead. They did not require a resume of the lifetime of this man. They knew him well.

* * *

HE WAS BORN in 1839, the son of Ephraim and Nancy Vance Hatfield. He came from that wilderness section of Logan County inhabited by Vances, Hatfields, and McCoys. He lived at Delmore, W. Va., a settlement some five miles above Matewan, W. Va. Acknowledged to be of a hospitable and friedly nature, he still became the leader of his clan in one of the most notorious feuds in history.

During the Civil War, he was given a captain's commission in the Confederate Army. In [illegible], he owned a farm and general store at Delorme.

On the first Monday in August, 1882, after several incidents occurred which had [illegible] feeling between his people and those of the McCoys, news reached him of an election day melee involving the [illegible] near the farm of his cousin, Rev. [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] y Creek [illegible] K[illegible] stabbed [illegible] of his brothers [illegible] had [illegible] the outside of [illegible]

* * *

This [illegible]

They moved in bands or singly, the Hatfields and McCoys, [illegible] the dense underbrush, sometimes [illegible] bush, frequently in open warfare, their rifles ever ready to deal a lethal blow [illegible] their enemy. It was a wild country, a rugged one, a fearsome place to be in those feudal days of the 80's and 90's. It is [illegible] that 27 people from both clans lost [illegible] lives.

Authorities, real and fraudulent, tried many times to capture the Hatfield chieftain. Rewards were offered for his capture. Finally, they devised a scheme to draw him into the court in Charleston where they might have a better chance to arrest him. In 1890, he was charged with having tax unpaid whiskey in his possession. He came to trial but due to lack of evidence, was acquitted.

* * *

JUDGE John T. Jackson, then in charge of the court, was forced to provide the clan chieftain with a special guard to see him safely home as the officers who had devised the plot for his arrest closed in on the patriarch. It is alleged that Judge Jackson said it was his opinion that if officers wished to capture the backwoods clansman, they could do so in the way the McCoys had been trying to get him for years; not take him when he came forth to make a public appearance at the request of the court.

Kentucky officers began extradition proceedings and attempted for years to effect his arrest but all petitions to the Governors of West Virginia were denied. Eventually, the matter was dropped, amenities were made within the clans and an atmosphere of peace and toler[illegible] once more in the secluded mountain gl[illegible]

The [illegible] whose brother died that fateful day in 1882, sold [illegible] Tug River and went [illegible] the hills in search of solitude. He bought [illegible] acreage on Main Island [illegible] and spent the remainder of [illegible] farm[illegible]. He [illegible] January [illegible] 1921, of a [illegible]ke and [illegible]. He was [illegible] old [illegible] died, he [illegible] his

* * *

AT THE GRAVE [illegible] Garrett [illegible]

Williamson Daily News

Williamson, West Virginia, Tuesday Afternoon, November 1, 1955

Slaven, Staker Law Partnership Announced Here

Lant R. Slaven and Zane Grey Staker, prominent Williamson attorneys, are anoouncing tha formation of a partnership for the practice of law under the firm name of Slaveo and Staker, effective today.

The new partnership will be the successor to the Lant R. Slaven law firm and will occupy tha present offices in the National Bank of Commarce.

Mr. Slavan is a veteran membar of the Mingo County Bar, having located here following hie graduation from law school and waa associated with the law firm of Goodykoonta and Scherr and later the law firm of Goodykoontz and Slaven until the death of the late Wells Goodykoontz after which the Lant R. Slaven law firm was established.

Mr. Staker a native of Kermit, is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and haa heen associated with the Lant R. Slaven law firm since hia graduation. He ia a vateran of Knrean War, having served as an officar with the Lalted States Navy.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter I: Causes, Strife Behind Nation's Top Family Feud, Hatfields And McCoys

Editor's Note: A series of columns on the Hatfield-McCoy feud, originally published in the Post Herald in 1957, is being rerun, starting today, because of popular request generated by the forthcoming June 20 opening of the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The Hatfield-McCoy feud of the 1880s and some time thereafter is one of the noted stories of folklore in America. Readers never seem to tire of the famous feud tales.

Let us first consider the events which led to the tragedy of that family feud—the war between the Hatfields and the McCoys.

There were many causes — an accumulation of things — which finally touched off the feud, or private war, which it actually was, between the two determined families.

The first cause, I think, can be attributed to the very natures of those concerned. Both families were people of nerve because British blood pulsed in their veins. That blood bespoke stubborn [illegible]anre and unflinching determination.

THEN CAME the Civil War of 1861-65 and neighbor lined up against neighbor in border states.

In the Union corner was Randolph McCoy, leader of the [illegible]

[illegible] Confederate corner was Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield, head of the Hatfield horde and described by Ra[illegible] [illegible] feet of devil and 300 pounds of hell."

[illegible] ended in 1865 the [illegible] feelings of these [illegible] families, [illegible] by the [illegible] did not make for [illegible] had been rumored [illegible] Anse Hatfield [illegible] of the [illegible] of Randolph [illegible]

Then [illegible] one [illegible] proved. In fact, some stated that Jim Vance, later to die in the feud as a friend of the Hatfields, was the one who murdered Harmon McCoy.

Whoever killed Harmon McCoy is unknown for sure, even to this day, but one thing is sure: his death created ill feeling between the McCoys and the Hatfields, from the McCoy corner, of course.

A third cause of the feud was a family quarrel which wound up in the court of a justice of the peace eight years after the Civil War had ended.

In those days, in the rugged regions on the Tug, the people let their hogs run loose and fatten on the mast of nut-bearing trees. Hogs were marked with ear cuts, which farmers registered with the county court, just as they put real estate deeds on record.

FLOYD HATFIELD, son of George Hatfield and a cousin of "Devil Anse," rounded up an old sow and some pigs one day. Randolph McCoy came by and said the sow was his hog. These two men were married to sisters and therefore were brothers-in-law.

The dispute over hog ownership led to a lawsuit. As a result of the jury trial, the hog was decreed to be the property of Floyd Hatfield.

Jurymen were married into the families of the two contestants and this was thought to have colored their judgment of the evidence and the law, such as it was.

Bill Staton is a case in point. He had married into the Hatfield family and was accused by Randolph McCoy of swearing to a lie on the witness stand. Later, Staton was slain in the woods. Accused of the murder were two brothers, Paris McCoy and Sam McCoy, who were nephews of Randolph McCoy.

ELLISON HATFIELD, brother of "Devil Anse" and husband of Bill Staton's sister, swore out a warrant for the McCoy brothers, Paris and Sam. They were acquitted at their trial, self-defense being [illegible]ished by Sam McCoy.

Because Ellison Hatfield had [illegible] prosecuted the two [illegible] he was hated by all the M[illegible]cys [illegible] by those of the Randolph McCoy [illegible]

Atmosphere in which it was easy for crime to breed was thus built up by personality clashes, opposing roles in the Civil War, animosities growing out of the two trials, and McCoy hatred of Ellison Hatfield because he prosecuted the two McCoys who had shot his brother-in-law, Bill Staton.

Proximity of the two families was a factor, too. McCoys and Hatfields got on each other's nerves.

THERE WAS still another cause that contributed to the kickoff of the feud in this situation ripe for shooting. This was romance between Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield (Jan. 6, 1862-April 19, 1922), eldest of the 13 children of Devil Anse and Levicy Chafin Hatfield, and Rose Anna McCoy, eighth of the 13 children of Randolph and Sarah McCoy.

Johnse, a handsome young man, lived in Logan County, Va. (now Mingo County, W. Va.), just across the Tug River from Pike County, Ky., where the attractive, black-haired Rose Anna lived.

Information at hand indicates that Rose Anna was a year older than Johnse but that made little difference.

ON THE DAY of the primary election in 1880, a number of Hatfields went over the Tug to tarry a time at the election site at the mouth of Hatfield Branch, where it empties into Blackberry Creek, a tributary of the Tug River.

While the people were gathered to visit and exchange neighborhood news, Johnse, 18, and Rose Anna, 19, paired off and strolled away to themselves.

Thus began a clandestine romance, the meanderings of which through the next two or three years were to further widen the breach between the two families.

Here is no place to parade all that went on between the two lovers. Suffice to say that gossip of the region was to the effect that Johnse [illegible]tually jilted Rose Anna to marry her cousin, Nancy McCoy, daughter of Harmon McCoy, who was a brother of Randolph.

Word was that [illegible] caused Rose Anna to miscarry and d[illegible]. The death of Rose Anna and her unborn baby generated more M[illegible] anger.

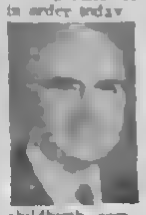
(Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterday And Today –

Chapter II: Origin Of Reckless Men Of Celebrated Hatfield-McCoy Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Some of the background of the Hatfields is in order today.



Ephraim Hatfield lived in Russell County, Va., on Thompson Creek in present day New Garden District. About 1870, his wife, nee Mary Smith, died of childbirth complications, leaving her husband with their two sons, Joseph and Valentine.

The widower, Ephraim Hatfield, was one of the pursuers in a posse formed to rescue white captives after a 1872 Indian raid on settlements in Russell County.

The Indians had killed David Musick and carried his wife, Anna, and her five children away into Shawnee captivity.

After Mrs. Musick and her five children were rescued from the Indians, they were returned to their home in the Big A Mountain region on the waters of Clinch River in Russell County.

BY THE TIME the excitement of the Indian depredations had died down, Ephraim Hatfield and his two motherless sons had found a lot in common with the widow Musick and her five fatherless children. The result of misery loving company was that Mrs. Musick and Ephraim Hatfield got married.

In time, they moved to Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky., largest county in area east of the Mississippi. They settled not far from present day Matewan, W. Va.

Valentine "Wall" Hatfield likewise came to the Big Sandy River region and built a cabin at Spring, a settlement of present day Mingo County. There he raised a large family.

Wall Hatfield's wife was Elizabeth Vance, native of Russell County, Va. They had either 11 or 12 children. One was named for his paternal grandfather. To distinguish grandson Ephraim from grandfather Ephraim, the grandson was called "Big Eph" in allusion to his huge size.

BIG EPH WAS born in 1862 at present day Spring, W. Va. He died in 1951 and is buried in the ancestral burial grounds of the Hatfield family at Newtown on Main Creek in Mingo County.

Big Eph sired a great family of 18 children, only 10 living to be anything like grown. The first was a boy named Valentine Hatfield for his grandfather and given the same nickname of "Wall."

Next of Big Eph's children was William Anderson Hatfield, subsequently known to the world as "Devil Anse" Hatfield.

Next was Elias Hatfield, whose son, Henry D. Hatfield, [illegible] governor of West Virginia and a United States senator, as well as owner of a hospital in Huntington, W. Va.

[illegible] of the sons was Ellison Hatfield. We need go no [illegible] in Big Eph's family as this introduces those to be discussed today.

DEVIL ANSE Hatfield was born Sept. 9, 1839. On April 18, 1861, he married Miss Levicy Chafin, who [illegible] the famous feudist 13 children.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861 Devil Anse was serving with the state militia but in 1862, he joined the regular Confederate States of America Army. He was in a unit known as "Logan Wildcats." He became a first lieutenant in the 45th Virginia Infantry Regiment.

In 1863 he resigned his commission and organized a company of something like Partisan Rangers in West Virginia border counties along the Kentucky line. He became their captain. Some McCoy men were in Devil Anse's command.

It was as a guerrilla warrior that some alleged that Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy, redoubtable ruler of the McCoy clansmen.

ELLISON HATFIELD, brother of Devil Anse, was born in August, 1841. He was just the right age for military service in the Civil War. For four long years, Ellison served in the Confederate Army. He rose to rank of first lieutenant.

He was in the Battle of Gettysburg all the time of the July 1-4, 1863, struggle. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, one of the young officers who surrendered his command was Lieutenant Hatfield.

In 1956, I visited Kirk Hatfield, son of Ellison Hatfield, and he showed me a Civil War picture of his father and gave me this information.

Ellison Hatfield was a large and very handsome man, as handsome an army officer as ever I saw.

AFTER HIS RETURN from Appomattox, Ellison did not reach home until July, 1865. Then he and Sarah Ann Staton were married.

Children born to Ellison and Sarah Ann Staton Hatfield were Elison (October 1866), Valentine (April, 1868), Polly, Imogene, Floyd, Nancy, Lydia, Wetzel, Andrew, Kirk, and Easter.

When Ellison Hatfield died on Aug. 9, 1888, from wounds inflicted by Talbert, Phamer and Randolph M[illegible] Jr., his wife, born in 1846, was only 38 years old.

Kirk Hatfield, who gave me this information, was [illegible] four months and 10 days old [illegible] his Confederate [illegible] died of McCoy inflicted wounds.

Thereby Kirk lived only 10 children in his father's family, he said his father was the father of 11. That odd one was always thought to be Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, whom Kentucky hanged Feb. 18, 1890, for killing [illegible] Mounts, daughter of Randolph McCoy.

(Continued Tomorrow)

'Devil Anse' In Late Life

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter III: Hatfield-McCoy 'F-Day' Came On 'Black' Monday, Aug. 7, 1882

Editor's Note: This series of articles, which first appeared in 1957, is being reprinted now in response to popular demand generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere June 20 in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Randolph McCoy, like that other famed feud leader, Devil Anse Hatfield, had 12 children and was a Civil War veteran, although they had fought on opposing sides, McCoy for the Union and Hatfield for the Confederacy.

The two men were not alike. McCoy who was 20 years older than Hatfield, took everything seriously, lacking the sense of humor, or devilment, to which Devil Anse gave full measure.

Never was there a more typical man of the mountains than Rand'l McCoy, as he usually was called, in the manner of mountaineers in abbreviating given names.

LITTLE DID Rand'l and his wife, Sarah, realize, when she went through the "valley of the shadow of death" to bring a dozen and one children into the world, that five of them would be shot to death by the Hatfield clan and their followers, and that their lovely, black-haired daughter, Rose Anna, would succumb to the wiles of Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, aideal of the 12 children of Devil Anse and Levy Chafin Hatfield.

But such was to be the case.

Three sons — Tolbert, 31, Phamer, 19, and Randolph Jr., [illegible] — were slain shortly after midnight on Aug. 9, 1882, in a paw paw thicket on the Kentucky side of Tug River, across from the mouth of Mate Creek.

It was almost six and a half years later, on Jan. 1, 1888, that the brother of those three, [illegible] their [illegible], Al Jim, [illegible] by the Hatfields and their [illegible] at about [illegible] that night.

THE McCOY HOME was [illegible] Mrs. Randolph [illegible] a hamlet on the [illegible] of [illegible] New [illegible] [illegible] on a [illegible] evidence in the case against the Hatfields, who had been indicted for the killing of the three McCoy brothers on Aug. 9, 1882.

The triple killing of the three McCoy brothers took place two days after "F-Day" on Monday, Aug. 7, 1882, when the long-smouldering hatred between the two families erupted into a private war between the Hatfields and the McCoys.

It was an off year election day in Kentucky. Those familiar with the history of Kentucky can tell you that on an election day in that state, anything can happen and usually does.

THE PARTICULAR precinct with which this story deals was the one at the mouth of Hatfield Branch, where it pours its flood into Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky. This is about four miles up the Tug River region from Matewan.

The spot where the trouble broke out that Aug. 7 is 100 feet or so to the right of Blackberry Creek as one heads upstream from Matewan. It is directly across Hatfield Branch from the home of the Rev. Anderson C. "Preacher Anse" Hatfield, than a Primitive "hardshell" Baptist preacher.

In that house later lived Ransom Hatfield, son of Preacher Anse, who told me the story in 1957 and took me to the identical spots mentioned.

We called on Ransom's brother, Jefferson Hatfield, who was living with his daughter, Mrs. Kathleen Hatfield Scott, at the site where the feud started in earnest.

AT THE 1882 election, there showed up McCoy men and Hatfield men who had it in for each other.

"Bad Eliza" Hatfield, brother of Preacher Anse Hatfield, was there. He owed Tolbert McCoy a small amount — less than $2 — on a fiddle. Tolbert bounced him for it. Bad Elias refused to pay him. This wound up in a quarrel.

There was much drinking and several were in a foul mood. Preacher Anse tried to quiet the quarrel but Bad Elias would not heed him. Tolbert McCoy's wife came to get him to leave the scene, but he refused to go.

A bit later in the day, Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, put in his appearance. He was a [illegible] wide-brimmed "[illegible]" hat — a straw affair — and the crowd kidded him about it.

BIG AND STRONG, 41 years old, and father of 11 sons and daughters, Ellison Hatfield was accosted by 21-year-old Tolbert McCoy, who was bent on trouble.

Tolbert defiantly announced to Ellison that "I'm hell on earth!" This was a challenge to Ellison, who told Tolbert that he was "a d—n dirty-word hog!"

Immediately a fight ensued. Next thing the crowd knew, Tolbert and two other McCoy brothers, Phamer and Randolph Jr., had cut and stabbed Ellison Hatfield about 26 times, and one of them, Phamer, had shot Ellison in the back.

From then on, the fat was in the fire.

Ellison's brother, Elias Hatfield (not Bad Elias Hatfield), fired at the fleeing McCoys, who saw at once what trouble they had caused and ran away.

AFTER BEING arrested by the authorities, the three McCoy brothers were taken from the law officers by Devil Anse and some of his men to hold as hostages.

If Ellison Hatfield got well, then the three McCoys would be turned over to the law. If he didn't get well, why, then, there'd be a different story to tell.

Ellison was removed to the home of Anderson Ferrell, who lived in Warm Hollow. This is immediately in front of the Norfolk and Western Railway depot in Matewan.

Meanwhile, the three McCoys were rushed up Mate Creek to a log schoolhouse, where the Hatfields kept them tied and under guard.

TWO DAYS AFTER being wounded, Ellison Hatfield died on the afternoon of Aug. 9.

A little after nightfall, the three McCoy brothers were moved across the Tug River just below the mouth of Mate Creek at Matewan.

They were marched by their captors to a sort of sink hole on the Kentucky side of the river, tied to some paw paw bushes, and shot to death. Natives heard the fusillade of shots and knew what had happened.

From that moment, it was always open season for killing when a McCoy met a Hatfield. During the next several years, life was a rough matter along the Tug.

(Continued, Tomorrow)

The Hatfield Clan With Shootin' 'Arns'

[illegible] photograph [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] Winchester, [illegible] from [illegible] beside [illegible] [illegible] son, T[illegible] Child [illegible] far [illegible] of the [illegible] Wills. Seated at right, holding Winchester horizontally, is either Tom Chafin or Cap [illegible] Man [illegible] at [illegible] right [illegible] identified as Johnson "Johnse" [illegible] but [illegible] man Shirley Dorsey [illegible] is W[illegible] Young man [illegible] revolver [illegible] shoulder [illegible] row, fourth from left [illegible] Harold. [illegible] slouch cap, [illegible] door- [illegible] Joe La[illegible] of [illegible], [illegible] is O[illegible] Da[illegible]ron a [illegible] federal [illegible] of the Hatfield [illegible] unidentified.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IV: Tug River Borderland Hit By Waves Of Sadness And Madness

Editor's Note: This series of articles, which first appeared in the Post Herald in September, 1957, is being repriated by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday, June 20, in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

On both sides of the Tug River on Aug. 10, 1882 — on the morning after the night before — there were waves of sadness and madness such as never had swept Logan (now Mingo) County, W. Va., and Pike County, Ky.

On the West Virginia side of the Tug, the Hatfields were mourning for Devil Anse's brother, Ellison Hatfield, who had succumbed Aug. 9 to wounds inflicted two days earlier by Tolbert, Phamer and Randolph McCoy Jr.

Ellison Hatfield's widow and 21 sons and daughters were stricken by his fatal stabbing.

On the Kentucky side of the Tug, great was the grief in the home of Randolph McCoy Sr., then age 68, and his wife, Sarah "Aunt Sally" McCoy. Three of their sons had been murdered the night before.

JUSTICE HAD been swift and summary for the brothers there in that fierce region where the stern code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth had long been regarded as the law of the clans

The place where the three McCoy brothers were shot was pointed out to me on Feb 14, 1955 by Landon Lawson Hatfield 79 He was born on Nov 20, 1875, and was a boy of seven he said, when he witnessed the bloody scene.

I have also stood on the site of the two-pens and a passage log house of the McCoys and tried to reconstruct the scene of grief there in August of 1882, but never could

The site of that ill-fated home is beautiful for situation. It is located on a rise of ground that gives a commanding view of two bends in the road running by the place

TO REACH IT, one goes up Hatfield Branch and crosses Turkey Foot Ridge, then turns down over Turkey Foot to Blackberry Fork of Pond Creek on the opposite side

On the side of the hill, in front of the McCoy home, is a slight bench of land, where a wide grave was dug to bury the three slain brothers. All three were buried in one grave, albeit each body was in its own homemade coffin.

It took most of that day of Aug. 10, 1882, for an oxen-drawn sled to haul the bodies of the three brothers a distance of only six miles to the site of their burial close to their home.

It was a sad time in the McCoy home.

Meanwhile, Rand'l McCoy moved to get legal indictment of those regarded as guilty of the slaying of his sons.

AFTER A TIME, a large number of men were indicted in Pike County for the triple killing. The name of Devil Anse Hatfield headed the list, which included Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield, Elias Hatfield and Wall Hatfield

Others on the list were Sam Mahon, Dock Mahon, Plyant Mahon, John Whitt, Tom Chambers, Charley Carpenter, Lark Varney, Andy Varney, Alex Messer, Selkirk McCoy, L. D. McCoy, Dan Whitt and Elijah Mounts of the Beech Creek section.

That latter descriptive address given by the grand jury was to identify him.

Bench warrants were issued by the state of Kentucky for those reported to have any knowledge of the crime. Arresting the indicted man was another problem, however.

SEVERAL YEARS went by after the Hatfields and their clansmen were indicted for the triple slaying of the sons of Rand'l McCoy. All the time, the defendants knew they were wanted men.

As Rand'l McCoy was the moving force behind those indictments it was figured by the Hatfields and the rest that if they could eliminate the old man they would be just much closer to being let alone

In June 1886 Randolph McCoy and his son, Calvin, planned a trip to Pikeville, Ky., where they were going to see a lawyer by the name of Perry A. Cline, who was in some way related in the McCoy family by marriage.

The story has it that Cline carried weight with the Pike County authorities and was in league with Rand'l McCoy to bring the Hatfields and their friends to justice for the night murders in the paw paw thicket across from present-day Matewan.

THE HATFIELDS somehow got wind of the trip and planned to waylay McCoy and son and kill them both. However, the McCoys were pokey that day and late getting away on the journey.

Two mountaineer neighbors by the names of Henderson Scott and John Scott were riding horseback a distance ahead of the McCoys when they were fired upon by the lurking Hatfields.

As I recall the story, both horses of the Scotts were killed and one of the riders badly wounded by the ambushers. Who fired the shots was never known for sure, but they were intended for the two McCoys and it turned out that the Hatfield plans fouled up.

Those shots, fired in anger, caused Rand'l McCoy and his son to know they were marked men

Toward the ebb of the year 1887, about three years after escaping the trap set for him and his son by the Hatfields, another attempt was made on the life of Rand'l McCoy.

ONE DAY IN the latter part of the summer, five years after the Hatfield clan had been indicted for murdering his three boys, Rand'l was leaning against the side of the door of his home facing the opposite hillside where his three sons were buried.

While the old father leaned there, a hidden riflaman across the way showered down upon him

Who fired the shots was never known, but Rand'l instinctively felt it was one of the Hatfields, who wanted him out of the way to keep him from pressing murder charges against them.

Too close for comfort, although wide of its target, that bullet struck the door facing and there remained a forceful reminder to 68-year-old Randolph McCoy never for one moment to be caught off his guard.

That summer day attempt at assassination of Rand'l McCoy served to step up the efforts of the c[illegible] law authorities to K[illegible] to bring the Hatfie[illegible]re

(Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter V: 'High Water Mark' In Feud Is Set By 1888 New Year's Night Raid

Editor's Note: This series of articles, which first appeared in the Post-Herald in September, 1957, is being reprinted by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday, June 20, in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Genoadview State Park.

By SHIRLEY BONNELLY

It was the objective of the Hatfield clansmen to get Randolph McCoy out of the way

If they could kill him, then the driving force in the effort to bring them to trial for the slaughter of his three sons on Aug. 9, 1882, would be spent.

There were miscellaneous killings of individual clansmen in lone encounters during the 1880-90 decade, while the Hatfield McCoy feud was raging, but the high water mark was reached on the evening of Jan. 1, 1888.

PRIOR TO that time, West Virginia and Kentucky, through their governors, had been spatting back and forth on the subject of each honoring the other's requisition for the men wanted for murders in the feud

Politics entered into these matters and feeling became bitter between the two states

In the long run, after an appeal to the Supreme Court, Kentucky won and thus got hands on some of the Hatfields and their friends Still the Hatfields were interested in wiping out the prosecuting witnesses, chiefly Randolph McCoy and his family

Accordingly, a band of the Hatfields and their friends planned to attack the McCoy home, burn it, and kill the folks

JIM VANCE was to lead a raiding party made up of Tom Chambers, Johnse Hatfield, Cap Hatfield, [illegible] R. Lee "Bob" Hatfield, Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, French Ellis, Charley Gilliamson and Elliott Hatfield

The latter was the son of [illegible] Hatfield hanged to death on election Day 1882 by three McCoy brothers later shot to death by the [illegible] clan

One of the 1888 raiding party [illegible] shave to date [illegible] on these [illegible]

It is legendary over all the earth that Jim Vance swore he would be his heaven if he did not kill the one who let him down in the effort. He swore he would kill the one who weakened — kill him as sure as powder would burn. All knew the evil old wretch meant it, too.

TO RESEARCH for this story, I journeyed one day to the very place the highhanded crime was committed. Near the site where the McCoy cabin stood, I found the rather modern home of the hospitable Mrs. Critt Scott and her maiden daughter, Miss Pricy Scott.

For several hours, I visited these nice people and heard from their lips the story of the burning of the McCoy house and the murders in connection with that New Year's Night attack.

Mrs Scott began living on the Randolph McCoy place in April, 1902. She was born July 20, 1889, and thus was 12 when the 1888 crimes were carried out

Her mother, Mrs Aly Farley, watched the returning raiders in the frosty night under a full moon that Jan 1. She wondered what the Hatfields had been "up to," as Mrs. Farley put it. There had been a "singing" at the Blackberry Fork School that holiday night.

After one of the Hatfield clan raiders — "Cotton Top" Mounts — was captured and sentenced to hang, Mr. and Mrs. Farley went to Pikeville to see him hanged, their daughter, Mrs. Scott, told me.

IT WAS BETWEEN 10 and 11 p.m. on Jan 1, 1888, that the determined destroyers, led by Jim Vance, surrounded the Randolph McCoy house. Vance called to the McCoys to give themselves up, but his demand was refused. Firing began

Because Johnse Hatfield failed to carry out Vance's instructions, he was always blamed for the failure of the attack. He shot ahead of time. Fire was answered by fire and Johnse Hatfield was the first casualty. He was painfully injured in the right shoulder

Rand'l McCoy and his son, Calvin, were making their shots count.

Soon the building was set afire While Tom Chambers was on the roof setting fire to the clapboards, one of the McCoys let go at him and blasted three fingers off his hand

One day in Matewan I was talking with Tom Chafin, justice of the peace and son of Mrs. Lydia Hatfield Chafin, last girl to Ellison Hatfield's family. He told me he used to see old Tom Chambers' hand with missing fingers when he, Squire Chafin, was a boy around Matewan.

IN THE COURSE of trying to put out the fire burning on the house, Rand'l's daughter, Allifair McCoy, rushed outside and was shot to death by "Cotton Top" Mounts. She had just screamed at Cap Hatfield that she had heard his voice and knew it.

Mrs. Randolph McCoy was battered by Johnse Hatfield and thought to have been killed. However, she recovered and related the harrowing experience to the authorities.

Calvin McCoy raced out of the house, but was overtaken and slain.

While all this was going on, old Rand'l eluded his attackers by escaping in the friendly forest at hand. Two McCoy sisters escaped unhurt, as did Cora, daughter of Tolbert McCoy, one of the three brothers killed by the Hatfields on Aug. 9, 1882.

Dead, though, were Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair McCoy. They were buried in the hillside plot where their three brothers were buried more than five years earlier. This made five of the children of Randolph and Sarah McCoy to die at the hands of opposing feudists — a ghastly, heavy toll indeed

ON THE EVENING of Feb. 8, 1955, I ate supper with Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCoy at Matewan. This deacon in the Matewan Baptist Church was a grandson of Calvin McCoy.

I showed him a picture of the dornick gravestone at the head of his ill-fated grandfather's grave. Until then, he didn't know where his kinsman was buried. I got the picture of the gravemarker late in 1945 at Heidelberg, Germany, while on duty with the Seventh Army in World War II.

Calvin McCoy's grave is the only marked grave of a McCoy victim of the bitter feud.

With chalk, I traced the crude lettering on that natural slab of stone. Across the face, in two lines, it reads

CAL Mc
COY

God himself only knows the grief that was in the heart of the one who caused that crude tombstone to be erected there in that isolated cemetery and thus marked to identify the feud victim

(Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter VI: The Old Law Of Averages Catches Up With The Feuding Hatfields

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In the rampaging years of the Hatfield-McCoy feud — the 1882-1890 period — the immediate family of Randolph and Sarah McCoy suffered five deaths from gunshot wounds at the hands of the Hatfields and their henchmen.

Five of their 13 children were shot and killed. However, the father, although often a target, attained the great age of 83 before giving up the fight of life.

On the Devil Anse Hatfield side of the feud, his immediate family didn't suffer a single casualty during the prolonged siege and the clansman himself died a natural death when he was well into his 83rd year.

The old truth that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword" has a corollary in the old proverb that "the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine."

IN SPITE OF the fact that 19 or 20 Hatfields and their friends were indicted for the paw paw thicket killing of the three McCoy brothers shortly after nightfall on Aug. 9, 1882, the long arm of the law, constantly reaching out for the guilty culprits, was slow in rounding them up for trial.

Aroused by the Hatfield burning of the Randolph McCoy house and the slaying of his son, Calvin, and daughter, Alifair, on New Year's night, 1888, the law authorities went after the evildoers with a vengeance.

The way the defendants were rounded up caused a lot of legal commotion between West Virginia and Kentucky, but at last Kentucky got some of the wanted men.

The trial of each man will not be detailed but justice of severe nature was meted out to several Hatfields and their followers.

TRIED AND GIVEN the rope at Pikeville, Ky., was Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, alleged to be the "woods colt" son of the ill-fated Ellison Hatfield, who was fatally wounded by the three McCoy brothers on Aug. 7, 1882.

He was in on the killing of the three McCoy brothers and himself killed Alifair McCoy, their sister, on the night of Jan. 1, 1888.

On Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1890, the doomed dullard, who always did the bidding of the Hatfields, was hanged in the presence of thousands of morbidly curious spectators. He was the only feudist who was legally put to death.

Wall Hatfield, eldest brother of Devil Anse, was sent to prison at Frankfort, Ky., for life. He died in prison.

Alex Messer, Dock Mahon and the latter's brother, Pryant Mahon, were tried together and sentenced to life in the penitentiary.

JOHNSE HATFIELD was hailed before the tribunal bar of Kentucky in 1888. He was tried at Prestonsburg, where they threw the book at him for all his past sins. Life imprisonment was the jury's decree.

The one man who was the nemesis of Johnse Hatfield was H. E. "Doc" Ellis. He pressed the charges against Johnse and aroused the ire of all the Hatfield family. Elias Hatfield, 18, Johnse's brother, took the law into his own hands and shot "Doc" Ellis and killed him dead as a door nail. That was in July, 1899, in Mingo County, W. Va.

In the case of Elias Hatfield, the truth of an age-old law was to be proved again, namely, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again (Matthew 7:21). On Oct. 17, 1911, an Italian named Octavia Gerone killed both Elias and his brother, Detroit "Troy" Hatfield, at Boomer, W. Va., in a fight over liquor interests.

They were the first of Devil Anse Hatfield's children to die. However, they killed the Italian, too.

AFTER SERVING a few years in Kentucky state prison at Frankfort, Johnse Hatfield was pardoned. A Negro prisoner attacked the warden of the prison and would have killed him had it not been for the fearless intervention of Johnse Hatfield, who cut the Negro's throat and saved the warden's life.

As a reward for his heroism, Johnse Hatfield was made a free man again.

Mountville Hatfield, cousin of Devil Anse, drew a life sentence, but served only several years. Upon his release, he went in for farming. My information is that he was killed by a man in a quarrel over a line fence between their places.

Cap Hatfield, son of Devil Anse, served a jail sentence once for some infraction of the law but escaped the penalty for his major offenses.

THERE WERE other Hatfields who went to prison besides the ones mentioned, but as much of this is being written from memory, I cannot think of them at the moment.

Willis W. Hatfield, eighth child of Devil Anse Hatfield, was named for Gov. F. Willis Wilson of West Virginia. He shot and killed a Dr. Thornhill in Wyoming County in a quarrel over a whisky prescription and drew a term at Moundsville for the murder.

Jim Vance, who led the Hatfields in the McCoy home burning and murder escape, was killed by a posse in a running fight.

FROM THE McCOY side of the lethal ledger on the cost of crime, one learns anew that the way of the transgressor is hard. Some thought Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy in border strife during the Civil War.

Bud McCoy, no plaster of paris saint, was shot 18 times by Pleasant "Plea" McCoy.

A relative, Jeff McCoy, was killed by Cap Hatfield shortly after Jeff McCoy had slain a Pike County mailman by the name of Fred Wolford.

Sam McCoy killed Bill Staton, brother-in-law of Ellison Hatfield.

Cap Hatfield killed John Rutherford at Matewan in November, 1896.

Many others of the two clans were killed. All told, as I figure it, the famous feud took something like three dozen lives. For years I had one of Elias Hatfield's 38 Smith & Wesson revolvers, a gift to me.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Chapter VII: Despite Fearsome Deeds, Hatfields Had Much On Credit Side

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Just as frogs take on the temperature of their surroundings, people become like the land where they live

In lands where the sun shines brightly and the weather is hot, people become highly volatile, as witness the southerners.

In cold climates, people become slow and reserved, and appear to have ice water in their veins, as witness the northerners.

Everything in the Logan-Mingo-Pike counties area, where the Hatfields and McCoys lived, was rough, rugged and fierce, so the people of that territory were rough, rugged and fierce.

MUCH THAT the Hatfields did was bad, but it is equally true that there was a world of good in those rugged individualists.

It was known far and wide that Devil Anse Hatfield fed more people than any other person in Logan County. No one was turned away from the door of the clever old feud chieftain. He reasoned that the visitor could put up with, for a few meals, what the host had to endure all the time.

If you could eat what they did, the Hatfields said, you were welcome to it. Actually, the Hatfield festal board was always heaped high with bounties of field and forest.

Devil Anse's wife, Levicy, and their girls knew little of fancy cooking, but they knew the very lick with which rough grub was prepared. They served victuals and vitamins that stuck to one's ribs and backbone.

ELIAS AND TROY Hatfield were the only ones of Devil Anse's sons who died violently and young, Elias at 33 and Troy at 30. Both had been special agents and detectives on the Virginian Railway before Elias went into saloon business that led to his and his brother's death.

Elias had once told High Sheriff W. H. Ramsey of Fayette County that the Hatfield code required that they carry a gun of no less than .38 calibre. They reasoned that a man might kill you with, say, a .32 calibre gun, but that before you died, you could kill him.

This reasoning was born out in the shooting of Elias and Troy Hatfield at Boomer, W. Va., on Oct. 17, 1911, by Ottavio Vagliasso with a .32 calibre Colt revolver.

Before Elias and Troy expired, they had polished off the Italian, Troy being the one who fired the three fatal shots.

HOW DID THE other Hatfields turn out?

Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, eldest of Devil Anse's 13 children, became a land agent for the U. S. Steel Coal and Coke Co. holdings Logan County and area. He was the Casanova of the family. Like Samson of biblical fame, Johnse loved many women, having had no fewer than five.

Cap Hatfield, second of Devil Anse's sons and the real hellion of the family, studied law and was admitted to the bar of West Virginia. He ended his days as a deputy sheriff in August, 1930, dying of a brain tumor in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Robert E. Lee, third of Devil Anse's sons, became a merchant and acquired much property.

Elliott Hatfield, fourth in the family, studied medicine and was graduated in 1888 from City College of Louisville, Ky.

Joe Hatfield was elected high sheriff of Logan County. So was Tennis Hatfield. Cap Hatfield was a deputy sheriff under his two brothers.

Willis Hatfield became a personnel officer for a mining concern. He is still living.

DEVIL ANSE'S brother, Elias Hatfield, had a notable family. One son, Greenway Hatfield, was elected sheriff of Mingo County, twice on the Republican ticket and once on the Democratic ticket.

Elias's second son, Henry D. Hatfield, was a doctor who owned a large hospital in Huntington. He was elected governor of West Virginia. He also served one term in the United States Senate and one term in the West Virginia Senate.

A third son of Elias Hatfield is Wayne Hatfield, a doctor like his brother, Henry.

This list might be continued at length, but enough has been stated to show that the Hatfields were no mere men.

THE McCOYS didn't rise to such heights to the world of affairs as the Hatfields did.

Last of the "real McCoys" of yore was James McCoy, familiarly called "Uncle Jim" by intimates. When Tennis Hatfield was sheriff of Logan County, that youngest child of Devil Anse Hatfield became reconciled with "Uncle Jim" McCoy and they were photographed together.

It was this "Uncle Jim" McCoy who was admired by Devil Anse for his nerve. "Uncle Jim" was to the Grape Vine Creek battle with the Hatfields. He hated the Hatfields but saw in the end that all the trouble wasn't on one side of the feud, so he forgave and forgot as best he could.

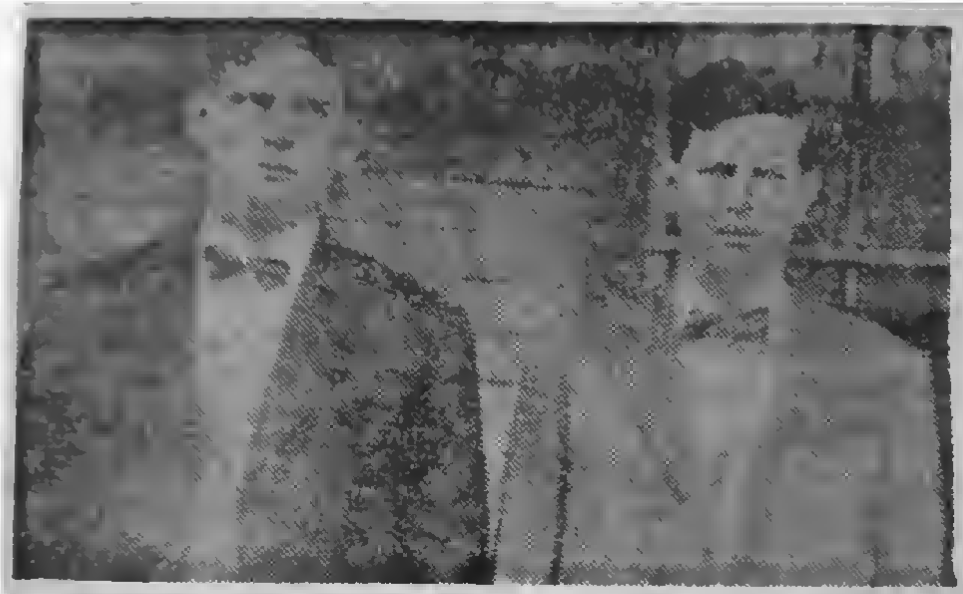
Those McCoy women who "went with" Hatfield men, and their in-laws, who married people not too friendly to the McCoys, were never considered to be the 'real McCoys' — hence the origin of a latter day saying.

IT WAS SAID that Devil Anse never resented that name that was applied to him when he was a young soldier of the Confederacy. He had a keen sense of humor.

When I was a boy in my early teens at Charleston, on the West Side or "Elk City," as some called that section immediately west of the Elk River, I used to see old Daniel W. Cunningham. He was pointed out to me as the detective who "rode hard" on the Hatfields.

Later, I found out how Devil Anse "rode" Dan Cunningham by surprising him one day and making him, at gun point, carry all the Hatfields on his back across a stream to keep the Hatfields from getting their feet wet. That was an example of Devil Anse's devilment.

(Continued Tomorrow)



Five Sons Of Devil Anse

Here are five of Devil Anse Hatfield's nine sons, all now deceased except Willis, age 82, of Dehue in Logan County, who will attend the premiere of "Hatfields and McCoys" Saturday night in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park. Above is Elliott, who became a doctor. Together at top left are Tennis, left, and Willis. In lower photos are Joe, in sheriff's uniform, and Cap, who became a lawyer.

Third Generation Of Hatfields

Devil Anse Hatfield's trusty Winchester rifle is held above, left, by the feud leader's grandson, Ewell W. Hatfield, a Charleston insurance executive before his death last December in Florida. He was a son of Dr. Elliott Hatfield. Above, right, is Ewell's cousin, Dr. Henry D. Hatfield, delivering his inaugural address in 1913, when he began serving as governor of West Virginia. The doctor-statesman, who also served in the U. S. Senate, was the son of Devil Anse's brother, Elias.

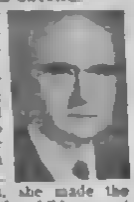
Yesterday And Today—

Chapter VIII: 'Tub Of Tears' Was Shed By Women Of Hatfield-McCoy Feuders

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this newspaper in September, 1937, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Much more has been written of the parts played by the men in the Hatfield McCoy feud than has been said of the female of the species. When all is said and done it was not theirs to reason why, just theirs to do as their menfolk directed.



In the early days of the mountain settlements, a wife was her husbands "women" and usually was so introduced or identified in reference. Withal, though, she made the home, reared the children and put up with whatever hardships came her way.

In the Hatfield McCoy feud, the women had to put up with many additional hardships.

One cannot read the story of that bloody private war without seeing, between the lines, the tub of tears shed by the women of both sides.

MRS. ELLISON Hatfield, nee Miss Sarah Staton (1844-1935), was the first woman of the feuding clans to suffer. She was a widow at 38 with 10 children, the eldest being 16, when her husband died Aug. 9, 1882, two days after being mortally knifed and shot by three McCoy brothers Tolbert, Phamer and Randolph Jr.

The greatest sufferer, without a doubt, was Sarah McCoy, wife of old Randolph McCoy. Five and a half years after watching three sons buried, she watched a fourth son, Calvin, and a da[illegible], Alifair lowered into a grave across the creek from her log cabin on the hillside.

Her buxom, black-haired daughter Rose Anne was greatly mistreated by Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield oldest son of Devil Anse and Lucy Chafin Hatfield.

If all that would not cause rivers of grief to flow then it must be concluded that the fountain of her tears had dried up.

"AUNT SALLY," as [illegible] called Mrs. Randolph M[illegible], [illegible] for [illegible] day of Tolbert M[illegible] who [illegible] where he was [illegible] by the [illegible] murder [illegible] Aug. 9 [illegible] Hatfield died of [illegible] the [illegible] choke with [illegible]

Rose Anne McCoy

This photograph of Rose Anne McCoy, furnished by Joe Creason of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is one not heretofore published here. It shows Rose Anne as she appeared later in life, not as she was when she was the young sweetheart of Johnson Hatfield.

anguish.

On top of this, Mrs. Randolph McCoy was beaten the night her home was burned on Jan. 1, 1888. Her blood ran on the ground and freze her hair to the hard earth that frosty New Year's Day night, when her son, Calvin, and her daughter, Alifair, were killed.

IN TROUBLEMAKING between Hatfields and McCoys women were accused of keeping the pot boiling. It was surmised that they carried gossip f[illegible] one clan to another, thus tipping off what one side planned against the other.

A case in the feud history will illustrate this.

Johnse Hatfield after being Rose Anne McCoy's lover married her cousin Nancy M[illegible]oy. This was a thorn in the flesh to both of the feuding [illegible] Nancy was the [illegible]or of Harmon McCoy, [illegible] of Randolph McCoy [illegible] the McCoy clan as Devil [illegible] Hatfield headed the Hatfields.

The Hatfields reasoned that blood is thicker than water and had the notion that Johnse's wife was t[illegible] to her people about the Ha[illegible]

MOREOVER NANCY had a M[illegible] suspected.

The daughter and a rounder named Tom Wallace were said to be married but actually were not. Tom had palmed off on the girl a [illegible] wedding license and the person officiating at the wedding lacked the proper papers.

When she discovered she was the victim of deception, she left him and went home to her parents. This provided a juicy morsel for area gossip.

Tom Wallace was a friend of Cap Hatfield one of Devil Anse's sons and the two of them decided to wreak vengeance on the two Daniels [illegible] mother and daughter, for their gossiping.

WHILE BUTCHERING a cow Cap Hatfield th[illegible] of a useful purpose to which he could put that cow's tail. Accordingly the tail was cut off close to the cow and carefully put to one side.

That night, Cap and Tom, both armed, appeared at the [illegible]' home. Daniels was [illegible] to the wall at [illegible] while Cap beat M[illegible] [illegible] Tom W[illegible] what was left [illegible] and severely beat the [illegible] was [illegible] to had lived [illegible]

Yesterday And Today

Chapter VIII: 'Tub Of Tears' Was Shed By Women Of Hatfield-McCoy Feuders

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this newspaper in September, 1967, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

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In the early days of the mountain settlements, a male won her husband's "woman" and usually was introduced as, and entitled to reference [illegible] thereafter, though she made the home, reared the children, and [illegible] up with [illegible] hardships [illegible] her way.

In the Hatfield-McCoy feud, the women had to [illegible] up with many additional hardships.

One [illegible] the [illegible] of that bloody [illegible] was without tearing between the lines, the tub of tears shed by the women of both sides.

MRS. ELLISON Hatfield nee Rose Sarah Staton (1844-1926), was the first woman of the feuding clans to suffer. She was a [illegible] at 38, with 10 children, the eldest being 16, when her husband died Aug. 9, 1882, a few days after being mortally knifed and shot by three McCoy brothers Tolbert, Phamer and Randolph Jr.

The greatest sufferer without a doubt, [illegible] Sarah McCoy wife of old Randolph [illegible]. Five and a half years after [illegible] three sons buried, she was [illegible] a fourth son, Calvin, and a [illegible] Alifair, lowered into a grave [illegible] the womb from her lap cabin on the [illegible].

Her [illegible] hatred daughter Rose Anne was [illegible] married by Johnson J. [illegible] eldest son of [illegible] Anne and Lucy Chafin Hatfield.

If all that would not cause tears of grief, [illegible] then a [illegible] be concluded that the fountain of [illegible] tears had dried up.

[illegible] SALLY at [illegible]

Rose Anne McCoy

This photograph of Rose Anne McCoy furnished by Joe Creason of the Louisville Courier Journal, is one not [illegible] published here [illegible] segment.

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IN TROUBLEMAKING between Hatfields and McCoys in-laws were a [illegible] of keeping the pot boiling. It was surmised that they carried gossip from one clan to [illegible] tipping off what one side planned [illegible] the other.

A [illegible] in the feud history [illegible] Johnse Hatfi[illegible], after [illegible] Rose Anne McCoy's [illegible] and her cousin Na[illegible] M[illegible]. This was a [illegible] in the [illegible] of the feuding fa[illegible]. N[illegible] was the da[illegible] of Perman McC[illegible] of [illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] clan [illegible] headed the Ha[illegible].

Hatfields re[illegible] her [illegible] to her people [illegible].

MOREOVER, NANCY had a [illegible] shows Rose Anne as she appeared later in life, not as she was when she was the young sweetheart of Johnse Hatfield.

[illegible] supported.

The daughter and a rounder named Tom Wallace were [illegible] to be married but [illegible] not. Tom had palmed off [illegible] the girl a spurious [illegible] license and the person officiating at the w[illegible] lacked the proper papers.

When she discovered the [illegible] the victim of deception she [illegible] him and went home to [illegible] parents. This prov[illegible] a juicy morsel for area [illegible].

Tom Wallace was a friend of Cap Hatfield one of [illegible] Anne's sons and the two [illegible] decided to [illegible] on the two [illegible] women, mother and daughter, for their gossiping.

WHILE BUTCHERING a cow [illegible] of a useful [illegible] to [illegible] he could put [illegible] cow's [illegible] (Ac cordingly) the tail was [illegible] to the cow and [illegible].

That [illegible] both [illegible] Daniels home [illegible] forced [illegible] the wall of [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Then [illegible]

Rose Anne McCoy

Yesterday And Today

Chapter IX: Devil Anse's Family Circle Broken As Troy And Elias Shot In 1911

Editor's Note This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this paper in September 1951 and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

William Anderson [illegible] Anse Hatfield [illegible] Miss [illegible] Chafin w[illegible] Th[illegible] April 18, 1861. By the [illegible] of the year 1900 [illegible] had 13 children the youngest of whom was a Tenny[illegible] "Tennie" Hatfield [illegible]

That family of 13, [illegible] a [illegible] were [illegible] death in the large family of Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield.

Then, 50½ years after the wedding of these two [illegible] sweethearts, there was [illegible] mourning in their big two-story [illegible] on Island Creek in Logan County. The reason for the sorrow was the untimely death of two sons, Elias and Detroit "Troy" Hatfield.

HERE IS THE story of how the two brothers met their death.

[illegible] was a war for the supremacy of the saloon [illegible] in Fay[illegible] District of Fayette County this [illegible] a feud along the Great Kanawha River [illegible] and along the Tug River. It was a bitter rivalry.

[illegible] child of Devil Anse had the only saloon between Gauley Junction and Gauley Bridge. It was owned jointly by Elias Hatfield and M. J. Simms. They enjoyed a [illegible] business and [illegible] was reported that [illegible] saloon netted the two partners a [illegible] of $1,000 each. It was [illegible] to be the best paying [illegible] in Fayette County.

[illegible] were [illegible] on the prof[illegible] who [illegible] a [illegible] across Kanawha River at F[illegible] on the [illegible] side of the [illegible] There was another [illegible] in operation across the Kanawha [illegible] near [illegible] Hatfield Sta[illegible]

TO STUNT 1—2E

Troy And Elias Hatfield

[illegible] of Octavio Va[illegible] [illegible] been orders [illegible] them to thirty [illegible]

[illegible] was a large [illegible] population in a [illegible] where had [illegible] as a result of the [illegible] place [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] strike breakers [illegible] years earlier.

Va[illegible] could speak the language of the Ita[illegible] and was popular with them at Harewood, Sa[illegible], Boomer, and other pla[illegible] along the Kanawha. This gave him a great adv[illegible] over the Hatfield-Simms [illegible]

VAGLIORZO HAD the nerve to invade the Hatfield-Simms [illegible] territory [illegible] Fayette County. Several times the Italian was [illegible]ed by Hatfield and threatened if he did not desist from [illegible]ing over into the territory w[illegible] Hatfield and Simms had enjoy[illegible] a monopoly in the liquor business.

On Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1911 the push came to a shove. That morn[illegible] the Italian poacher was [illegible] encroaching on Hatfield [illegible] again after having been given a whipping earlier in the day by Elias Hatfield and sent down the road.

Word reached Elias that Vaglio[illegible] was at the cabin of Angelo Va[illegible] at Harewood. E[illegible] took his brother, Troy, and went to Harewood [illegible] search of V[illegible]. They f[illegible] him [illegible] of Va[illegible] a [illegible]

[illegible] it was about noon, [illegible] in V[illegible] who [illegible] eye witnesses [illegible] the tragic sla[illegible]

V[illegible] armed with a 32 Colt [illegible] opened fire [illegible] in [illegible] put th[illegible] retreated [illegible] several [illegible] by [illegible] the [illegible]

Troy r[illegible] the fire sending three [illegible] into the Italian's [illegible] Any one of them could ha[illegible]ed fatal.

After being shot, Vaglioreso left the house through the kitchen door and fell on his face in the back yard. After he fell Elias [illegible] came on the scene and [illegible] his gun again. The [illegible] of the man's head sent a bullet through his brain.

After the shooting Elias and Troy sat down on the [illegible] porch and discussed [illegible] w[illegible]. Both realized they were mortally wounded and that death was near. In less than 10 minutes Elias was gone but Troy lived for half an hour.

Just before Troy died, he told a bystander: "There's no use looking for anybody. The man who killed us is dead."

THUS IT WAS that the immediate family circle of Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield was broken.

This made a heavy impact on the f[illegible] feuding f[illegible]. Word spread from Logan County that Devil Anse the feuding chief, had embraced religion.

"Uncle Dyke" Garrett, the veteran [illegible] Baptist pre[illegible] of the mountains who had soldiered with Devil Anse in the Civil War with his [illegible] in the gospel, J. G. McN[illegible] conducted the double funeral [illegible] and Troy in Logan [illegible]

That day, the sons of [illegible] Anse made a public conf[illegible] of faith [illegible] God of [illegible]. Their [illegible] had long been h[illegible]ber of [illegible] church.

Cap. Bob, Elbert, Tennie Joe a[illegible] W[illegible] Ha[illegible] the seven [illegible] these [illegible] this he could

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Devil Anse's Resting Place

Italian sculpted life-sized statue preserves likeness of Devil Anse Hatfield leader of the famous West Virginia-Kentucky border feud in late 19th Century, and marks his and his wife's graves on Island Creek near Omar in Logan County. Names of their 13 children are listed on the face of the [illegible]

(Photo by Homer L. Wells)

Patriarch's Funeral At Island Creek Home

Devil Anse's Resting Place

[illegible] sculptured [illegible] used [illegible] and his wife's graves on [illegible] Creek near Ulger in [illegible]

Patriarch's Funeral At Island Creek Home

Historic photograph of nearly half a century ago shows a general view of Devil Anse Hatfield's farm home on Island Creek in Logan County at the time of the old mountain feudist's funeral following his death from pneumonia on Jan. 6, 1921, at the age of 82. Morbidly curious spectators thronged with friends and the clan leader's family, which included his widow, their 11 surviving children, and 40 grandchildren.

Chal

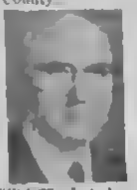
Yesterday And Today—

Chapter X: Two Sons Of Devil Anse Shake Hands Over Grave Of Father

Editor's Note: This is the last of a series of 10 columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere tonight in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

An expensive marble monument, topped by a life-sized statue o the famed feud leader, marks the graves of William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield and his wife, Levicy Chafin Hatfield, in the Hatfield Cemetery on Island Creek near Omar in Logan County.



Both died of pneumonia, he at the age of 82 and she eight years later at the age of 87.

Her full name is on the marker with her birth and death dates, 1842-1929, but he is identified as Capt. Anderson Hatfield, with dates 1839-1921, without his first name or the descriptive nickname by which he was known from Civil War days and still is called in historical accounts of the feud.

The tall monument lists the names of the couple's 13 children: Johnson, William A., Robert L., Nancy, Elliott R., Mary Elizabeth, Elias, Troy, Joseph O., Rose, Willis E., and Tennie.

TROY'S REAL name was Detroit and Tennie's given name was Tennyson. William A. was commonly called "Cap."

Cap and his brother, Dr. Elliott R. Hatfield (Nov 12, 1872-April 20, 1932) were estranged for a long time before their father's death on Jan. 6, 1921. They were bitter toward each other for years and this grieved their father, Devil Anse. It was his death-bed request that these two sons forgive each other and be friends.

On the funeral day, Cap led in the reconciliation and the two brothers shook hands. Tears flowed down the cheeks of both men like bubbles on the clear mountain streams of Logan County.

AT THE GRAVE of his father, Cap, the long fierce feud lieutenant, who had killed perhaps more men than he could recall, told old "Uncle Dike" Garrett, Baptist preacher, that he had made his peace with God and was ready to be baptized any time the venerable old minister set.

"I will baptize you, boy," the preacher told Cap. "In the very hole whar I baptized yore pappy."

Cap Hatfield then raised his hand above his head and declared that he was done with malice and fighting and if any man wanted his life or his blood, he would not resist.

It was a dramatic moment at the funeral and made a profound impression on the minds of the great crowd present.

CAP DIED IN John Hopkins Hospital, Md., in August, 1930, less than 11 years after his father died. His brother, Elliott, died two years later. "At Rest" is inscribed on the doctor's stone in the hillside burial ground on Island Creek.

The marker of the eldest child of Devil Anse gives his full name, Johnson Hatfield, and dates, Jan 6, 1862-April 19, 1922. Johnse was not as large as most of his brothers but he was far more handsome than the rest and was the Casanova of the clan.

Johnse died of a heart attack as he rode along Twisted Gum Creek, a stream between Gilbert Creek and Ben Creek in Logan County.

Other inscriptions are for Troy (Jan. 20, 1881-Oct. 17, 1911) and Elias M. (Nov 2, 1873-Oct. 17, 1911), who were killed in the same gun fight with a liquor competitor salesman. Troy and Elias were the first of Devil Anse's children to die and it was a score of years after the Hatfield-McCoy feud had subsided.

Another stone in the same cemetery on Island Creek reads: "Nancy A. Vance Mullens, Aug. 13, 1869-May 1, 1930. Loved by all." There is a stone for "Lilly Curry, wife of Mose F. Hatfield, 1885-1921." On a little boy's grave is an inscription: "Cap R. Hatfield, Born April 2, 1891; died June 5, 1906. God's finger touched him and he slept."

IN MINGO COUNTY, across from Newtown on Mate Creek, is a high knoll where many Hatfields are buried in long rows. There I read names on concrete slabs, all alike.

There is a marker for Ellison Hatfield (1841-1882), whose killing started the feud in earnest. By him repose his wife, Sarah Staton Hatfield (1844-1935), and their son, Floyd Hatfield (1872-1940).

The earliest marker dates of which I made note were for "Eph Hatfield. Born 1812. Died 1891." There was another marker for an "Eph. K. Hatfield."

There was one for the Rev. Jim Hatfield (April 6, 1891-Jan. 2, 1952), who was a Missionary Baptist preacher. We were friends for many years.

There were slabs for Allen Ch[illegible] ([illegible] 20 1888-Feb 28, [illegible]), Pat Hatfield (1888-Jan[illegible] 6, [illegible]) and Joe Hatfield ([illegible]-F[illegible] 28 1928).

Also marked were graves of Nancy [illegible], Elias Hatfield, [illegible] Joe [illegible] A. [illegible] M. [illegible] R. Hatfield, Tom [illegible] ([illegible] Henry [illegible] and Leland Hatfield.

Yesterday And Today—

Most Hatfields Lived To Ripe Old Ages

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The [illegible] one w[illegible] on the subject of the Ha[illegible] McCoy feud the harder it becomes to find a good quilting place. Today some of the necrology of the feuding family is the topic, along with other incidents.

In June, 1907, Kirk Hatfield died. He was the [illegible] son Ellison Hatfield's home when the three McCoy brothers fatally assaulted Ellison Hatfield on Aug 7, 1882.

Kirk Hatfield, 85 when he died, was the last of the children of Ell[illegible] and M[illegible] Sarah Staton ("Aunt Sarah Hatfield").

Kirk Hatfield married Miss Agatha Gaye Bretherton, a school teacher, who was born at Rock Castle, about where I was born.

She and Kirk Hatfield had been married for m[illegible] than 50 years when he passed a[illegible] in 1967. They had [illegible] daughters.

MOST OF THE Hatfield people and their friends lived to a ripe old age. Devil Anse was past 82 when he died on J[illegible] 6, 1921. His wife Mrs Levi[illegible] Chafin Hatfield, died at the a[illegible] of 87 on March 15, 1929. Both died of pneumonia.

Mrs Rebecca Hatfield Mounts died of burns on [illegible] 1 1960. She was 97 [illegible]ars old when her dress caught [illegible] from [illegible] open [illegible] place [illegible] En[illegible] the h[illegible] of Wi[illegible], [illegible] niece of Devil Anse Hatfield died. Her home was at Volcan, Ky.

Charl[illegible] Harrison, no relation to Devil Anse, had lived with the Ha[illegible]elds during the years when the feud of the 1880-1890 de[illegible] was aflame. He [illegible] of the [illegible] Devil Anse. When [illegible] on Dec. 18 1962 Charl[illegible] Harrison was 96 years old. He died at the home of Ke[illegible] Hatfield, a cousin of Devil Anse.

Ch[illegible] H[illegible] Howell, barber and [illegible]e repairman, lived in Lo an County when the feud wa[illegible] fought. He said he [illegible] of [illegible] Devil Anse many [illegible] was a deputy sheriff in Logan County during part of the fe[illegible]. He was living in Put[illegible] when he died on Apr[illegible] 2, 1[illegible] at the ripe old age of 90 years. He is b[illegible] in the Howell Cemetery near Milton.

MRS REBECCA Hatfield, widow of Montaville Hatfield, a distant cousin of Devil Anse, was 66 when she passed away May 14 1949.

Montaville Hatfield drew a life term in the Kentucky penitentiary as a murder charge in Pike County. Wh[illegible] he was in prison, his wife remarried.

Hatfield served only a few years of his sentence and was released as he had a record of good conduct. On returning home, he re[illegible] his wife and [illegible] w[illegible] her until a neighbor [illegible] in a quarrel over a [illegible] fence during the first decade of this century.

His release from prison was the result of [illegible] being discovered that he had been "framed" on the murder charge.

GASTON HATFIELD (Dec 9, 1880 - Jan 22 1958) was the son of V[illegible]atine Wall and Isabelle Lester Hatfield. His life spanned 77 years. Devil Anse was his uncle.

Mrs. Rose Hatfield Browning was 79 when she died Aug 31, 1965. She was the youngest of Devil Anse's daughters. Her real name was "Rosada" but was called "Rose" for short.

Joseph D[illegible]vid (Joe) Hatfield (April 3, 1882 - May 12, 1963), was the seventh child of the 13 born to Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield. Joe was a four-month-old baby when the election day fight occurred at the mouth of Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky., which was the kick-off of the famed feud. He lived to the advanced age of 81 years, one month and 10 days.

MRS. ELLIOTT R. (Margaret Jane) Hatf[illegible], daughter-in-law of Devil [illegible], was 80 years, 4 months and 8 days old when she died at White Sulphur Springs on Sept 17 1963. [illegible] husband, Dr Elliott R Hatfield, was the fourth child born to the Devil Anse Ha[illegible]eld family.

Mrs Lot[illegible] Hunt Hatfield, daughter-in-law of Devil Anse and daugh[illegible] of Dr A L Hunter, Pax physician died Jan 30, 1958 at age 71. She was born May 5 1886.

Sons of Devil [illegible] all but Joe, died compa[illegible]y young. Johnson at 60, Cap at 67, Elliott at 60, Elias at 30, Troy at 30. Joe w[illegible] past 81 at the time of his death.

Yesterday And Today—

Tobacco Chaw Got Hatfields To Church

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A Sunday School story was called to my attention because of my continuing research into the Hatfield-McCoy feud and supplemental material concerning the two mountain families.

Today's offering is a reprint of that Methodist literature entitled, "The Day the Hat[illegible] Rode West to [illegible]."

ONE MORNING back in the [illegible] at his [illegible] picked its way along a m[illegible]n trail near the Kentucky-West Virginia [illegible] a circuit rider suddenly fo[illegible] himself completely sur[illegible] by armed m[illegible]. [illegible] eyes were leveled at him as [illegible] stepped [illegible]ard [illegible] a [illegible]al deep [illegible] a lon black [illegible] on [illegible]ering [illegible] happen to have

The preacher was the late Rev. William Isaiah Fogleman, who for 60 years rode mountain vastnesses as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Facing him was William Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield, already legendary as head of a clan which for almost half a century would fight a bloody feud with the McCoys across the Tug River in Kentucky.

THIS MEETING (Fogleman did happen to have "a chaw" with him) was the beginning of a strange friendship. From that time on, Devil Anse, who never left home without his small army, watched for the preacher on his trips into the hills. Always there was chewing tobacco for Anse in the saddlebags of the man of God, who traveled the mountain trails.

"Preacher" the Hatfield chieftain once told his friend [illegible] the time you started up the mountain [illegible] you [illegible] into the valley some[illegible]n [illegible] has had his sleep fixed. And if an one had ever [illegible] the [illegible]ight of [illegible] hand on [illegible] he'd never [illegible] the sun [illegible] ga down.

Not much later, to the circuit rider's a[illegible]ent, he announced [illegible]quely: "Ma and my men [illegible] like to hear [illegible] preach."

Anse set the date, asking the preacher not to announce when the Hatfields were coming. "We don't want to fight around the church."

ON THE DAY of the service Fogleman told his congregation that some extra worshipers would soon appear and suggested that the men seated in the two back rows move forward. This was done speedily when the Hatfields filed in and stacked the[illegible] rifles in a corner. At no time did the "extra worshipers" cause trouble.

Devil Anse? Well, to tell the truth he [illegible]ver did become a Methodist. [illegible] in life (he died a natural d[illegible]th in his 80s) he joined a Baptist chur[illegible].

Those who have studied the regi[illegible] and the f[illegible]ly, however, a[illegible] that it w[illegible] the soldiers [illegible] circuit [illegible] who did the [illegible] ghost [illegible]work [illegible] at last [illegible] in h[illegible] the Hatfield clan into a church, [illegible] and all.

Yesterday And Today—

As Predicted, Feudist Died Naturally

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Forty nine years ago, William A. (Devil Anse) Hatfield died on a Thursday night, Jan. 6, 1921, the aged West Virginia mountain chieftain succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

Though he had been in failing health for several weeks, it was a paralytic stroke, following an attack of pneumonia, that took the toll of the clan leader's life.

He was 82 years, 3 months and 27 days of age at the time of his death. A veteran of the Civil War, in which he served as a captain in the Confederate Army, Hatfield had many close calls with death when he was fired upon from ambush and in hand-to-hand combat with the McCoys.

All along, he had predicted he would die a natural death free of any scars of conflict. This he did, in his home at Island Creek in Logan county.

Famed for his part in the celebrated feud, Devil Anse Hatfield was a national legend when he died, friends of jurists, governors, and others of note.

THE PATERNAL grandparents of Devil Anse were Valentine Hatfield and Elizabeth Vance Hatfield, natives of Russell County, Va. They had 11 children, one of whom was Ephraim Hatfield, father of Devil Anse.

Ephraim Hatfield of Logan County married Nancy Vance of Russell County, Va. This couple had 13 children, eight of whom died young. One of those 13 children was the one they named William Anderson — Anse for short and later to be known as Devil Anse.

On April 14, 1841, William Anderson Hatfield and Levicy Chafin were married. They had 12 children, all of whom lived to be grown.

In 1861 Hatfield served in the state militia but in 1862 joined the [illegible] Confederate Army as a lieutenant in the 45th [illegible] Infantry. He rose to the rank of captain but resigned in 1863.

[illegible] he recruited a company of [illegible] until the time of [illegible] War. [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]

DEVIL ANSE [illegible]

of the mountains who fed and gave shelter and hospitality to more people than any man who has ever walked the black dirt of Logan and Mingo counties.

In the years of his long lifetime, Devil Anse — and as far as we know he never resented that appellation — dug his living out of the ground of mountain farm land. Along with what little farming he and his sons did, they sold off some of their timber, raised a few cattle and otherwise supplemented the meager family income.

Devil Anse Hatfield was never the fiend that journalists in search of the sensational took sadistic glee in portraying him.

WHILE DEVIL ANSE has been pictured in papers as a bearded giant, the man was only five feet-nine inches tall and was lean. Walter Thurmond, the coal man of Logan note, used to tell how he knew Devil Anse quite well and often tried to pin him down to talk about the feud.

However, Hatfield never liked to discuss the matter. Walter once related how the old man once said, "We were at a certain place on a certain night and so many people were killed."

First time Thurmond ever met Hatfield was in 1912 when Thurmond went to Logan to negotiate leases on coal lands. When Thurmond and others reached the Hatfield home they were riding mules.

Cap Hatfield, son of Devil Anse, met them and said, "How do you do, gentlemen! Hitch your beasts and come in an' eat." That was the cordial hospitality of the Hatfields.

Then and there Walter Thurmond struck up a friendship with Devil Anse that lasted until the old patriarch of the clan passed away.

IT WAS ALWAYS said of Mrs. Hatfield that she "set a good table." No one was ever turned away from the Hatfield house hungry. No man in the Island Creek community wielded more influence than Devil Anse. No one ever saw him angry in his later years.

While people liked to go to get him to talk about the feud, he never got riled up against them but managed to veer the conversation to other and more pleasant subjects. He got along as well or better than anyone in the community.

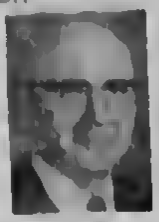
He always wore a long beard and let his hair grow, too. In his dress, he was always the typical mountaineer. Those who knew Hatfield said he was "straight as an Indian."

Yesterday And Today

Ewell Hatfield Collected Feud Artifacts

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Ewell W. Hatfield, who died at Punta Gorda, Fla., on Dec. 30, was a grandson of William A. (Devil Anse) Hatfield (Sept. 9, 1839-Jan. 6, 1891).



Ewell's father, Elliott Hatfield (Nov. 12, 1879-April 28, 1932), a doctor of medicine was the fourth child of Devil Anse and wife, Levicy Chafin Hatfield (1842-March 15, 1929).

Like his father, Ewell was well educated. After being graduated from the University of Kentucky, he did graduate work at the University of Cincinnati, where he took his master of arts degree and then returned to his native Mingo County to teach.

He was a school principal at Matewan until moving to Charleston, where he became an insurance executive and was long active in civic affairs.

BEING EDUCATED, Ewell W. Hatfield had a sense of history, so after the Hatfield-McCoy feud became widely known he collected artifacts that figured prominently in the feuding.

These included the 44-90 Winchester rifle, with lever action, that his grandfather had carried during the long years of the noted feud. During the West Virginia Centennial, the celebrated rifle was on display in the Charleston Civic Center Oct. 26-27, 1963, during a gun and coin show.

Another memento in Ewell's collection was the shirt Ellison Hatfield was wearing when piled by Tolliver McCoy, 31, Thamar McCoy, 18, and Randolph McCoy Jr., 15, in the famed election day fight of 87 years ago.

At hand is a picture of Ewell Hatfield holding up that shirt with knife cuts and bullet holes in it.

ELLISON HATFIELD, a very handsome man, was a Confederate soldier. He was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and was one of the few soldiers in grey who escaped unscathed from that fiasco, only to lose his life 11 years later in the family feud.

That election day fight occurred Aug. 7, 1882, near the mouth of Blackberry Creek, which empties into Tug River near Matewan. It was in Pike County, Ky., where the election was held and where Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, was mortally wounded.

He died in the cabin home of Jerry Ferrell in Warm Hollow, a little distance down the Tug at Matewan. Warm Hollow is immediately back of the N&W Railway depot and the Matewan Methodist Church.

TWO DAYS AFTER he was stabbed and shot by the three sons of Randolph McCoy Sr., Ellison Hatfield succumbed to his wounds on the afternoon of Aug. 6, 1882.

Meanwhile, the three McCoy assailants of Ellison were being held by some of the Hatfields and clan members pending Ellison's death or recovery. They were held as hostages on the West Virginia side of the Tug in Logan County, the part of Logan which, in 1890, was made into Mingo County, youngest of this state's 55 counties.

Early on the night of Aug. 9, after their victim had expired, the three McCoy brothers were spirited across the Tug to Pike County, Ky., tethered to paw paw bushes and summarily executed by some of the Hatfields and their friends. Multiple gunshot wounds were assigned as the cause of their bloody deaths.

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the Hatfield-McCoy feud. With the forthcoming drama to be staged for 10 weeks in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park in Raleigh County, more will be written.

Judgment on the moral aspect of that notorious feud should be rendered in light of the philosophy and background of the contestants. The feud flamed in a day of rugged individualism — a day when a man had to be rugged if he came through in one piece.

Those two feuding families were simple minded mountain folks who lived a primitive life. By saying simple minded, it is not meant that they were simpletons. Far from it. They had good minds, as their descendants have proved.

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as well as a life for a life, was the unwritten law in the section where the feud was fought. Self-defense was the alleviation of that law. Fear of one another spread from individuals to whole families. This led them to take [illegible]

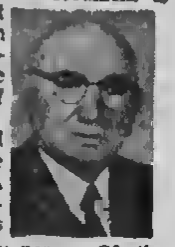
Yesterday And Today—

The Elias Hatfields Were All Bold Men--I

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Some days ago Bill Blakely of 202 Beverly St., Beckley, showed me an old article of agreement. It was made by Elias Hatfield to L. H. Blakely, Bill's father.

The date of the document is July 28, 1890. It is interesting in that it is entirely in the handwriting of Elias Hatfield.



Steady and sure is the penmanship. A study of it reveals a vigorous hand and steady nerve. Of the writer one can safely assume that having been raised in a thicket, he was not one to be scared by a cricket, as an old mountain saying goes.

In this written agreement Elias Hatfield "bargained and sold" to L. H. Blakely "a certain piece or parcel of land containing 600 more or less acres lying on Tug River near the Hatfield tunnel in the County of Logan in the State of West Virginia for the price agreed upon, $15 per acre which is to be paid for within 30 and 60 days from date."

HATFIELD capitalized nearly all the letters in the words in the agreement. His spelling might not have made a passing grade. He spelled "which" as "witch" and "effect" as "efect". His punctuation leaves a lot to be desired. But the old mountaineer's meaning was as crystal clear as the water in the mountain streams of the area where he lived.

Bold is his signature, ELIAS HATFIELD. And to the right of it is a curleyque circle with the word SEAL written inside it. After the passage of more than 71 years, the ink has not faded. It is an interesting item in that it shows the price brought by mountain land long ago. Then, too, it is of added interest because of its connection with a noted family of this state.

AS FOR THE MAN, Elias Hatfield, there were a number of men named Elias Hatfield. There was an Elias Hatfield Sr and an Elias Hatfield Jr "Devil Anse" Hatfield had a son named Elias Hatfield. Then there was another Elias Hatfield who was known as "Bad 'Lias".

First let's look at "Bad Elias" Hatfield. He was the brother of Rev. "Preacher" Anse Hatfield. This "Preacher" Anse Hatfield is not to be confused with "Devil Anse", who was just the opposite of what a "preacher" is reputed to be. "Bad 'Lias" was a hard drinker who lived two miles up Blackberry Creek from the mouth of Hatfield Branch.

On Aug. 7, 1882, there was an election in Pike County. There was a voting precinct across Tug River at the point where Hatfield Branch empties into Blackberry Creek. Although "Bad Elias" lived in West Virginia and had no business in Kentucky, he went over anyhow. He was drunk.

With him came his strong brother, Ellison Hatfield, a Confederate soldier who was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

ON THAT ELECTION day of 79 years ago, some of the McCoys were present at this precinct near the home of Jerry Hatfield, a large old two-story house that is still standing and occupied by a Hatfield family.

One of the McCoys was Tolbert McCoy, 31-year old son of Randolph McCoy, who was destined to be leader of the McCoy clan in the world-famous feud that was to open bloodily on that very election day. It happened that Tolbert McCoy had sold a fiddle to "Bad 'Lias" some time before, and there was a small amount still owing to Tolbert McCoy on the deal. The amount was small—about $1.75, some say—but Tolbert McCoy told "Bad 'Lias" he wanted his money. An argument ensued.

In addition to the tensions accompanying the election, "Bad 'Lias" was drunk and in a foul mood. "Preacher" Anse Hatfield sensed what was brewing and left his place at the election table to break up what looked like it was going to be a fight. He got Tolbert McCoy and his two brothers, Phamer, 19, and Randolph Jr., 15, who were backing up Tolbert, to come near the election table where he could keep an eye on them. It looked like the storm was over. But it wasn't.

THAT AFTERNOON the three McCoy brothers piled on to Ellison Hatfield, a brother of "Bad 'Lias" and stabbed and shot him. He was to die from his wounds. All three McCoy brothers broke from the crowd and ran. "Bad 'Lias" emptied his revolver at them but without effect.

"Devil Anse" heard of Ellison's wounds and laid plans which were to have all three McCoy brothers shot to death within a week's time.

Then and there on the election day, Aug. 7, 1882, the feud started.

Tomorrow, the story of another Elias Hatfield will be told, the one who wrote the article of agreement which Bill Blakely has.

Yesterday And Today—

The Elias Hatfields Were All Bold Men--II

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

After mention of Elias Hatfield yesterday it was thought well to discuss this old feudist who was the father of Henry D. Hatfield, former governor and U. S. Senator from West Virginia.

Bill Blakely of Beverly Street, here, has in his files an old handwritten article of agreement which Elias Hatfield penned. There were a number of Elias Hatfields but today's subject was a brother of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, leader of the Hatfield clan in the famous feud of the latter part of the past century. This Elias Hatfield was one of the seven sons of Ephraim "Big Eph" and Nancy Vance Hatfield.

Those seven sons of "Big Eph" and Nancy Hatfield, in order of their age, were Valentine "Wall"; William Anderson "Devil Anse"; Elias, today's subject; Ellison, who was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; Smith; and Patterson. Elias Hatfield was the father of three sons, Henry Drury, Greenway, and Wayne.

Henry Drury Hatfield became a doctor, entered politics, and was elected governor of West Virginia. His term as governor was 1913-17. Governor Hatfield was born in Logan County Sept. 14, 1875. In 1928 he was elected United States senator for the term which ended March 3, 1935. He was president of the W. Va. State Senate during the session of 1911.

Dr. Hatfield is still living.

Of all the members and descendants of the feuding Hatfield family Dr. Hatfield, son of Elias, attained the highest offices and honors ever held by any of them.

ELIAS HATFIELD, who had a son, Elias Jr., ran afoul of the law [illegible] County, Ky. In 1880 or thereabouts, a band of the well armed Hatfields crossed the Tug River into Pike County. They were high-spirited men who were all right until they were crossed. Poking around in Pike County by the Hatfields annoyed the McCoys who lived there.

On Oct. 22, 1880, Devil Anse, Elias, Elias Jr., Floyd Hatfield, Thomas Chafins, John Chafins, and certain others were charged in Pike County with ganging up and that for the purpose of bothering Pike County residents, annoying and upsetting them, against the peace and dignity of the state. It will be noted Elias Sr. was in on this but the Hatfields paid no attention to the warrant.

WHEN JOHNSON "Johnse" Hatfield, Elias' nephew and Devil Anse's oldest son, was caught and spirited away one night by the McCoy men, Elias joined with his brother, Devil Anse, and rode after the McCoys to rescue "Johnse." "Johnse" and Rose Anne McCoy, buxom, black haired daughter of Randolph McCoy, leader of the McCoy clan, were lovers. This the McCoys did not relish "ery" a bit. Mrs. Elias Hatfield did not want her husband to get mixed up in this escapade but she was over ruled by Devil Anse and Elias went.

IN THE ELECTION melee on Aug. 7, 1882, when his brother Ellison Hatfield was mortally wounded by the three McCoy sons of old Randolph McCoy, Elias Hatfield Sr. was one of the participants. After Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph McCoy Jr. were tied to the pawpaw bushes across the Tug at the mouth of Mat Creek, and all three were shot and killed for Ellison's death, it was figured Elias Jr., was one of the killers.

He was indicted by Kentucky along with 19 others for "wilfully, feloniously and of their malice aforethought" killing "with a gun or pistol loaded with powder and ball" the three ill-fated McCoy men. Serving the warrants and catching the Hatfields and their confederates in Pike County, Ky., was something else. The court clerk made this entry concerning the indicted men: "Not found in this county, Feb. 19, 1883." And they were not about to be found in it either!

IN THE LIBRARY of Congress is an etching made by The New York Times reporter, T. C. Crawford, who came from New York to call on Devil Anse. He ran into Elias Hatfield and his little girl and drew a noted sketch of them. The sketch can be seen in Crawford's work, "An American Vendetta." When Crawford saw Elias, the old mountaineer had his Winchester in his hand.

In December, 1890, the year Elias Hatfield let L. H. Blakely have 600 acres of land in Logan County, Elias and his son Greenway, came to Charleston U. S. Federal Court to plead to an indictment for moonshining. They were tried and acquitted.

In July, 1891, Elias Hatfield, then a deputy, brought a prisoner to Moundsville. Reporters interviewed him and he blasted the newspapers for all the articles published about the feud. All a bunch of lies, he said.

IN 1896 Elias Hatfield was a jailor at Logan. His son Greenway was U. S. deputy marshall. When Kentucky sought extradition of the men charged with the murder of the McCoy brothers, the secretary of state of West Virginia, Henry S. Walker, replied on Nov. 21, 1887, that all the requisitions would be honored except the ones for Elias Hatfield and Andrew Varney. Walker wrote that the governor of West Virginia was convinced that these two men had absolutely nothing to do with the triple killing.

As a matter of fact these two men were on the West Virginia side of Tug River near where Ellison Hatfield had died in the evening of Aug. 9, 1882, at the cabin of Anderson Ferrell in Warm Hollow, just in front of the depot in Matewan of our day and generation.

Elias Hatfield is buried in New Town cemetery in Mingo County. On his grave marker there are no dates given.

Another Elias Hatfield Monday.

Yesterday And Today—

The Elias Hatfields Were All Bold Men--III

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Today another Elias Hatfields is being mentioned in this column. This series got started when Bill Blakely showed me some papers that were written in long hand by Elias Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, and the father of Ex-Governor and former U. S. Senator Henry D. Hatfield, M.D.

When Elias Hatfield executed the documents mentioned the feud between the families of Devil Anse Hatfield and Randolph McCoy was about over. Randolph McCoy was the father of thirteen children, James, Tolbert, Phamer, Twinville, Josephine, Allifair, Adelaide, Rose Anne, Randolph Jr., Floyd, Sam, Calvin, and Fanny.

The Hatfields and their friends killed Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph Jr., on the night of August 9, 1882, the night their victim, Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, died of wounds inflicted a week earlier. On New Year's Day night, 1888, in an apparent effort to wipe out witnesses against them in any possible murder trials a number of the Hatfields and their friends made a raid on the home of Randolph McCoy and killed Allifair McCoy and her brother Calvin.

These feud victims are buried across the trail from where the McCoy home stood on the waters of Blackberry Fork of Pond Creek in Pike Co., Ky.

EVEN AS Randolph McCoy and his wife Sarah had thirteen children, that number was matched by William Anderson ("Devil Anse") Hatfield and his wife Levicy Chafin Hatfield. The thirteen Hatfield children were Johnson ("Johnse"), William Anderson, ("Cap") Robert E. Lee, Elias, Detroit ("Troy"), Joseph, Willis Wilson, Nancy, Mary Elizabeth, Rosanda, and Tennyson ("Tennie").

Linking the children of Devil Anse grows up the subject of Elias Hatfield, his son, who was well known in Fayette County. He was famed for his uncle Elias Hatfield Jr., the father of ex-Governor Henry D Hatfield, M.D.

ELIAS HATFIELD, was the fifth child of Devil Anse. Born in 1878 he was too young to get into the main feud since he was not quite four years old when three McCoy brothers were tied to paw-paw bushes across the Tug from the mouth of Mate Creek and shot to death on the night of August 9, 1882.

In 1898 the authorities seized Johnson ("Johnse") Hatfield, oldest brother of Elias, and son of Devil Anse. They brought him to trial in Prestonburg, Ky., and convicted him. He was given a life sentence in the Kentucky Penitentiary at Frankfort. It wasn't long until Johnse was pardoned. He had saved he Warden from being killed by a big Negro prisoner. For this deed, Johnson Hatfield was set free by the Lt. Governor of Kentucky, acting in the Governor's absence.

THE MAN who had done more than anyone else to put Johnson Hatfield in prison was a man named Doc. Ellis. His real name was Humphrey E. Ellis. All the Hatfields were mad at Ellis, particularly Elias Hatfield.

At the time Elias was only eighteen years old. One day when the train pulled in at the Gray depot in Mingo County, Ellis was standing on the platform of the rear coach. A bunch of people we there when the train stopped and among them was young Elias Hatfield.

The sight of Ellis aroused the anger of Elias Hatfield who made a vicious remark about him. Sighting Elias Hatfield and sensing trouble, Ellis stepped back into the car and got his gun. Also sensing trouble was the 18-year old youth, Elias Hatfield. When Ellis returned to the platform of the coach, Elias Hatfield was ready and waiting for him Hatfield fired and Ellis dropped dead.

For his murder of Doc Ellis, Elias Hatfield drew an eighteen year term at Moundsville. He served only a fraction of the long sentence One time Judge W A Rife showed me some of the legal proceedings in connection with Hatfield's appeal, as I recall it It was in the South - Eastern Reporter, as the matter comes to mind, and the sentence of Hatfield was upheld.

ON HIS RELEASE FROM prison Elias Hatfield and his brother Troy were hired by the Virginian Railroad as detectives. One of their first jobs was to break up the habit of some people of shooting at trains over Slab Fork way in Raleigh County. They were hired by John Kee, later Congressmen Kee, whose widow is now our Congresswoman.

After leaving the employ of the Virginian, the two Hatfield brothers came to Fayetta County. They opened a saloon at Harewood. But business was none too good at Harewood and the pasture at Boomer looked greener. Accordingly, Elias and Troy Hatfield went to Boomer and there opened another saloon. There was a sizeable Italian population at Boomer where the drinking business was divided between the two saloons.

An Italian was hired by the opposition to peddle its beer to Italian homes. The Hatfields objected to this sort of thing and tried to get peddler Octavia Gerone to desist. They beat him up but to no effect. They went to Gerone's house to try to persuade him. Gerone was in no mood to listen to reason so he shot the two Hatfield brothers. Before they died one of tha two killed the Italian with his .32. All were dead in twenty minutes. Date was Oct. 17, 1911. Soon it'll be fifty years since the two Hatfields fell, the first deaths in Devil Anse's big family of thirteen children.

'Devil Anse' Hatfield
Head Of The Clan

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter I: Causes, Events Behind Nation's Biggest Family Feud Of Hatfields, McCoys

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A THIRD CLAIM

PERSONALITY CLASHES

AT THE PRIMARY ELECTION

Chapter II Monday

'Devil Anse' Hatfield
Head Of The Clan

Chapter II: History Of Reckless Leaders In The Celebrated Hatfield-McCoy Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Some of the background of the Hatfields is in order today.

Over in Russell County, Va., lived Ephraim Hatfield. He lived on Thompson Creek in present day New Garden District. About 1790 his wife died from complications attendant upon childbirth. Prior to her marriage to Ephraim Hatfield, she was Miss Mary Smith. When she died, Mrs. Ephraim Hatfield left her husband with two little boys, named Joseph and Valentine.

In 1792, Indians made a raid on the settlements in Russell Co., Va., and killed David Musick, and carried his wife, Mrs. Anna Musick and her five children away into Shawnee captivity.

When word of the Indian foray was spread a posse was organized to pursue the savages and rescue the white captives. One of the pursuers was widower Ephraim Hatfield. After Mrs. Anna Musick and her five fatherless children were rescued from the Indians they were returned to their home in the Big A Mountain region on the waters of Clinch River in Russell County.

Soon after the excitement attendant upon the Indian depredations had died down, Ephraim Hatfield with his two motherless [illegible] had a lot in common with Anna Musick and her five [illegible] children. The result of [illegible] company was that Mrs. Musick and Ephraim Hatfield married.

[illegible] moved to Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky., [illegible] in area east of the [illegible]. They settled not very [illegible] Matewan, [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] the Big Sandy [illegible] reared his [illegible] settlement. There it was [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] a big family.

[illegible] HATFIELD'S [illegible] one of their children was named Ephraim. He was named for his grandfather who married the widow of Indian victim, David Musick. To distinguish this grandson from his grandfather Ephraim Hatfield, they called the grandson "Big Eph", the allusion being to his huge size.

"Big Eph" Hatfield was born there at present day Sprigg, W. Va., in 1812. He died in the year 1891 and is buried in the ancestral burial grounds of the Hatfield family at Newtown on Mate Creek in Mingo County.

"Big Eph" sired a great family of 15 children. Only ten of these lived to be anything like grown.

First of "Big Eph's" children was a boy they named Valentine "Wall", naming han for his grandfather by the same name and nickname. Next of "Big Eph's" children was William Anderson Hatfield, subsequently known to the world as "Devil Anse" Hatfield.

Next was Elias Hatfield, whose son Henry D. Hatfield, became Governor of West Virginia, and United States Senator from this state. He is still living and owns a hospital in Huntington, W. Va. Fourth of the sons who sprang from the loins of "Big Eph" Hatfield was Ellison Hatfield. We need go no further in "Big Eph's" family as this introduces those to be mentioned today.

BORN SEPT. 9, 1835, was William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield. On April 16, 1861, he married Miss Levicy Chafin, who bore the famous feudist 12 children.

Now a word about the Civil War record of "Devil Anse" Hatfield and that of his brother Ellison Hatfield. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 Devil Anse Hatfield was serving with the state militia. Came 1862 and Devil Anse joined the regular Confederate States of America army. He was in a unit that was known as the "Logan Wildcats".

He became a first lieutenant in the 45th Virginia Infantry Regiment.

[illegible] 1863 he resigned his commission and organized a company of [illegible] Partisan Rangers [illegible] West [illegible] guard border [illegible] along the Kentucky [illegible]. He became their captain. Some of the McCoy men were in Devil Anse's command. It was as a guerilla warrior that some alleged Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy, brother to Randolph McCoy, redoubtable ruler of the McCoy clansmen.

Now for a look at Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse. Ellison Hatfield was born in August, 1841. He was just the right age to be in military service in the Civil War. For four long years Ellison Hatfield served in the Confederate Army. He rose to rank of first lieutenant.

He was in the Battle of Gettysburg all the time of the struggle, July 1-4, 1863. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, one of the young officers who surrendered his command was First Lt. Ellison Hatfield.

Two years ago I visited Kirk Hatfield, son of Ellison Hatfield, and he showed me the Civil War picture of his father and gave me this information.

Ellison Hatfield was a large and very handsome man, as handsome an army officer as ever I saw.

AFTER HIS RETURN from Appomattox, Ellison Hatfield and Sarah Ann Staton, brother of Bill Staton, were married. Ellison did not reach home after the close of the war until July, 1865.

Children born to Ellison and Sarah Ann Staton Hatfield were Elliott (born in October 1866), Valentine (born April 1868); Polly, Imogene; Floyd; Nancy, Lydia; Wetzel; Andrew Kirk) and Easter. When Kirk's father, Ellison Hatfield, died on Aug. 9, 1882, from the wounds inflicted by Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph McCoy Jr. his wife was but 38 years old. She was born in 1844.

Kirk Hatfield who gave me this information was only 4 months and 18 days old when his Confederate veteran father died of his McCoy-inflicted wounds.

Though Kirk Hatfield listed but ten children [illegible] his father's family he said his father was the father of eleven. The odd one was always thought to be [illegible] Tom. [illegible] Keet[illegible] hanged on Feb. 18, 1889 [illegible] ing Ali[illegible] McC[illegible] daughter [illegible] Randolph McC[illegible]

Chapter III: 'F-Day' For Hatfield-McCoy Feudists Was 'Black' Monday, Aug 7, 1882

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In pervious chapters the suggested causes of the Hatfield-McCoy have been mentioned, together with some of a family background of the two contestants. That the reader might be informed on the Randolph McCoy family a word at this point might be in order.

Randolph McCoy is sometimes called "Rand'l" McCoy, after the manner of mountaineers in abbreviating given names. He was 20 years older than Devil Anse Hatfield. During the Civil War he was on the Union side.

Never was there a more typical man of the mountains than Rand'l McCoy. He took every thing seriously and lacked the sense of humor, or detriment, to which Devil Anse Hatfield gave full occasion. He was the father of 13 children.

Little did Mrs McCoy realize that when she went through the "valley of the shadow of death" to bring her dozen-and-one children into the world, that five of them would be shot to death by the Hatfield clan and their followers, and that her lovely, black-haired daughter, Rose Anna, would succumb to the wiles of Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, the eldest of the 13 children of William Anderson Devil Anse and Levicy Chafin Hatfield his wife. But such was the case because shortly after nightfall on Aug. 9, 1882, Tolbert McCoy, 31, Phamer McCoy 19 and Randolph McCoy Jr., 15, were taken in a paw paw thicket across the river from the mouth of Mate Creek on the Kentucky side of Tug River.

This was the night of New Orleans Day 1882 about half-past nine that night Calvin McCoy and [illegible] Alexander McCoy were [illegible] Hatfields and [illegible] in the effort to save [illegible] of the Hatfields [illegible] of the three McCoy brothers on the night of Aug 9 1882.

[illegible] New Year's Night 1882 [illegible] McCoy [illegible] brat[illegible] But that escapade is a story all by itself and will appear in a future installment of this series.

'F-DAY' in the Hatfield-McCoy feud was Monday Aug 7, 1882. That was an off-year election day in Kentucky. Those familiar with the history of Kentucky will tell you that on an election day in that state anything can happen, and usually does.

The particular precinct with which this story today deals was the one at the mouth of Hatfield Branch where it pours its flood into Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky. This is about four miles up the Tug River region from Matewan. The spot where the trouble broke out that August day is 100 feet or so on the right of Blackberry Creek as one heads upstream from Matewan.

It is directly across Hatfield Branch from the home of the Rev. Anderson C. "Preacher Anse" Hatfield, then a Primitive "Hard-shell" Baptist preacher. In that house now lives Ransom Hatfield, son of Preacher Anse Hatfield, who told me the story and took me to the identical spots mentioned.

We called on Jefferson Hatfield, brother of Ransom Hatfield, who lives with his daughter, Mrs. Kathleen Hatfield Scott, there at the site where the trouble started in reality.

At the 1882 election there showed up McCoy men and Hatfield men who had it on for each other. "Bad Elias" Hatfield, brother of Rev. Anse Hatfield was there. He owed Tolbert McCoy a small amount, less than two dollars, on a fiddle. Tolbert McCoy bounced "Bad Elias" Hatfield to pay him. This wound up in a quarrel.

There was considerable drinking going on and several were in a foul mood. Preacher Anse Hatfield tried to quiet the quarrel but his brother, "Bad Elias" Hatfield, would not pay him much mind. Tolbert McCoy's wife came to get him to leave the scene but he refused to go.

A BIT LATER IN THE DAY Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, a moderate Veteran and hero of Gettysburg put in an appearance. He was wearing a wide brimmed sun down hat — a straw affair — and the crowd laughed at about [illegible]

Forty-one years old, father of 11 sons and daughters, big and strong, Ellison Hatfield was accosted by 31-year old Tolbert McCoy who was bent on trouble. This trouble-maker, Tolbert McCoy, defiantly announced to Ellison Hatfield that "I'm hell on earth!" This was a challenge to Ellison Hatfield who told Tolbert McCoy that he was "a d-n dirty-word hog."

Immediately a fight ensued. Next thing the crowd knew Tolbert McCoy, 31, Phamer McCoy, 19, and Randolph McCoy, 15 — all three brothers — had cut and stabbed Ellison Hatfield some 26 times, and one of them Phamer McCoy, shot him in the back.

From then on the fat was in the fire. Ellison Hatfield's brother, Elias Hatfield — not "Bad Elias" Hatfield — fired at the fleeing McCoys who saw at once what trouble they had caused and ran away. After being arrested by the authorities, the three McCoy brothers were taken from the law officers by Devil Anse and some of his men to help them as hostages. If Ellison Hatfield got well then the three McCoys would be turned over to the law. If he didn't get well, why, then, there'd be a different story to tell.

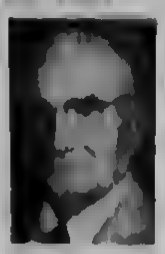
ELLISON HATFIELD was removed to the home of Anderson Ferrell who lived in Warm Hollow. This is immediately in front of the Norfolk and Western Railway depot in Matewan. Meanwhile the three McCoys were rushed up Mate Creek to a log school house where the Hatfields kept them tied and under guard.

In the afternoon on Aug 9 — two days after his being wounded — Ellison Hatfield died.

That day a little after nightfall the three McCoy brothers were moved across the Tug just below the mouth of Mate Creek at Matewan by their captors.

They were marched to a sort of sink hole on the Kentucky side of the river, tied to some paw paw bushes, and [illegible] to death. Neighbors heard the shots a regular fusillade of them, and knew what had happened.

From that moment [illegible] was always a [illegible] season for [illegible] a McCoy met a Hatfield. During the next 20 years [illegible] a [illegible] matter along the Tug. More tomorrow.



SEPTEMBER 18, 1957

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IV: Wave Of Sadness, Madness Swept Tug River Border Aug. 10, 1882

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Talk about the morning after the night before. It can well be said there was a wave of sadness and madness on both sides of the Tug on Aug. 10, 1882, such as Logan [illegible] W. Va. and [illegible] County Ky. had scarcely [illegible]

On the West Virginia side of the Tug they were mourning for Ellison Hatfield, who had succumbed on Aug. 9 to wounds inflicted by Tolbert, Pharmer and Randolph McCoy Jr. on Aug. [illegible] 1882. On the McCoy side of the Tug in Pike County grief was the guest in the home of Randolph McCoy [illegible] age and [illegible] "Aunt Sally" McCoy [illegible] all at once.

[illegible]

JUSTICE HAD BEEN SWIFT and summary for the three McCoy brothers [illegible] in that rugged region where the stern code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth had long since been regarded as the law of the land. [illegible]

After a time a large number of men were indicted in Pike County for the triple killing. Names of Devil Anse Hatfield headed the list. His sons, Johnse Hatfield and William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield as well as Elias Hatfield, were among those indicted. So was Elijah Mounts of the Beech Creek section. [illegible]

[illegible]

SEVERAL YEARS went by after the Hatfields and their clansmen were indicted for the triple slaying of the sons of Randolph McCoy. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and planned [illegible] the lurking Hatfields.

As I recall the story both horses of the Scotts were killed and one of the riders [illegible] wounded by the ambushers. [illegible]

[illegible]

ALONG TOWARD THE END of the [illegible] year [illegible] another attempt was made on the life of Randolph McCoy. [illegible]

One day in the latter part of the [illegible] after the Hatfields had been indicted for murdering his three sons Randolph McCoy was [illegible]

[illegible]

The Hatfield Clan--With Shootin' 'Arms'

This is an historic photograph of the Devil Anse' Hatfield family and some assorted friends. In the front [illegible], at left, sits Devil Anse with his Winchester. On his left is his wife Mrs. Levicy Chafin Hatfield. Seated at far right with another Winchester in his hands, is [illegible] Tom Chafin or Cap Hatfield. Standing at extreme right by the chimney, is W. F. Borden. Standing in rear left to right are Troy (Detroit) Hatfield [illegible] man with single-action Colt revolver across his chest, Ross Hatfield [illegible] with slouch cap by door facing. Joe Hatfield, seventh child of Devil Anse, man with revolver across his stomach, O. C. Damron, a confederate of the Hatfields. Of three children seated in foreground, Tennis Hatfield is on the left and Willis Hatfield on the right. Others are unidentified. Original photo made about 1888, is in Shirley Donnelly's library.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter V: Large Hatfield Raiding Party Sets 'High Water Mark' In Famous Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

As shown in the previous col[illegible] it was the objective of the Hatfield clansmen to get Randolph McCoy out of the way. If they [illegible] kill him, then [illegible] driving [illegible] in the effort to [illegible] them to trial for the [illegible] on Aug. 9, [illegible].

There were [illegible] than a dozen [illegible] of the [illegible] clansmen [illegible] lone [illegible] during the [illegible] decade when the Hatfield-McCoy feud [illegible] a Hopper, the high water mark was [illegible] the evening of Nov. [illegible] 1888 [illegible] at time West Virginia [illegible] through [illegible] been [illegible] the high [illegible] the men [illegible] had [illegible] matters [illegible] be [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

Led by embittered Jim Vance were Tom Chambers, Johnse Hatfield, Cap Hatfield, Robert E. Lee "Bob" Hatfield, Ellison "Cousin Top" Mounts, French [illegible], Charley Gillespie and Elliott [illegible] Hatfield, son of the late Ellison Hatfield, to make up the raiding party. These men were sworn to not show mercy on their mission.

It is legend [illegible] over all the earth how that Jim Vance swore hell would be his heaven if he did not kill the one who led him down in the effort. Vance swore he would kill the one who [illegible] kill him as sure as power would [illegible]. All knew the evil old wretch [illegible] it, too.

TO GET THE ON-THE-SPOT TOUCH TO THIS STORY, I journeyed one day to the [illegible] place the highbanded [illegible] through [illegible] the [illegible] cabin [illegible] hard by [illegible] of [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Scott and her [illegible] Perry [illegible] boy [illegible] the a[illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] 19 [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Fleming, [illegible] [illegible]

There had been "singing" at the Blackberry Fork School House that New Year's Night. After one of the Hatfield clan raiders was captured and [illegible] to hang—"Cousin Top" Mounts he was—Mrs. Scott told me that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aly Farley went to Pike[illegible] to see [illegible] hang. Since April 1902 Mrs. Cont Scott has lived on the Randolph McCoy place. But, to the [illegible] burning.

SOME TIME between 10 and 11 o'clock the night of Jan. 1, 1888, the determined desperadoes led by Jim Vance surrounded the Randolph McCoy house. Vance [illegible] to give them [illegible] up. His demand was refused. Firing began.

Because John Hatfield failed to [illegible] out Vance's instructions he was always [illegible] the failure of the attack. He [illegible] ahead of the fire was [illegible] with [illegible] and James Hatfield [illegible] the [illegible]. He was [illegible] by [illegible] as [illegible] right [illegible] Randolph McCoy and [illegible] were making their [illegible] [illegible] was set on fire. When [illegible] was up he [illegible] [illegible] he [illegible] had [illegible] three [illegible] [illegible]

One day [illegible] was [illegible] to Tom [illegible] of [illegible]

Mrs. Lydia Hatfield Chafin [illegible]

The Hatfield Clan--With Shootin' 'Arms

This is an historic photograph of the 'Devil Anse' Hatfield

is either Tom Chafin or Cap Hatfield. Standing at extreme

Anse; man with re his stomach, O. C

Squire Chafin, was a boy around Matewan.

IN THE COURSE of trying to put out the fire that was burning on the house, one of the McCoy girls, Allifair McCoy, rushed outside and was shot to death by Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts. She had just screamed at Cap Hatfield that she heard his voice and knew it.

Mrs. Randolph McCoy was battered by Johnse Hatfield and thought to have been killed. However, she recovered after the harrowing experience, and related it to the authorities. Calvin McCoy raced out of the house but was overtaken and slain.

While all this was going on old Randolph McCoy eluded his attackers by escaping in the friendly forest at hand. Two McCoy sisters escaped unhurt as did Cora daughter of Tolbert McCoy, whom the Hatfields killed Aug. 9, 1882.

Dead, though, were Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair McCoy. These were buried in the hillside plot where their three brothers were buried Aug 10, over five years before. This made five of the children of Randolph and Sarah McCoy to die at the hands of opposing feudists, a ghastly, heavy toll indeed.

ON THE EVENING of Feb. 6, 1955, I ate supper with Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCoy at Matewan. Paul McCoy, deacon in Matewan Baptist Church, is the grandson of Calvin McCoy.

I showed him a picture of the dornick gravestone at the head of his ill-fated grandfather's grave Ha did not know where his kinsman was buried until I showed him the picture of the grave marker which t got at Heidelberg, Germany, late in 1945 while there on duty at Seventh Army Headquarters in World War It.

Calvin McCoy's grave is the only marked grave of a McCoy victim in the bitter feud I traced tha crude lettering on that natural slab of stone with chalk Across the face in the top line it runs, **C A L Mc**, while on the line below it are plaintively reads **C O Y**. God himself only knows the grief that was in the heart of the one who caused that crude tombstone to be thus marked and erected there in that isolated cemetery of ill-fated victims' More tomorrow

Yesterday And Today—

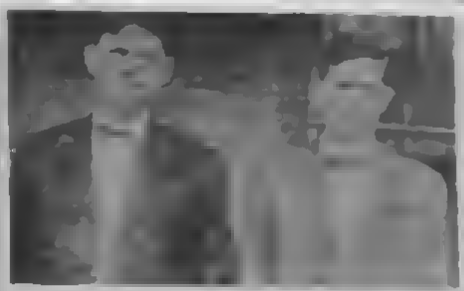
Chapter VI: The Old Law Of Averages Catches Up With The Feuding Hatfields

BY SHIRLEY DONNELLY

TURNING TO THE McCOY

WALL HATFIELD

POST HERALD, BE[illegible], W[illegible] V[illegible], MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1957



Five Sons Of Devil Anse

Yesterday And Today

Chapter VIII: 'Tubs Of Tears' Said Main Part Of Hatfield, McCoy Women In Feud

[illegible] Me [illegible]
[illegible] Ross [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] touched the [illegible]
and [illegible] a McC[illegible]
where she was [illegible]
of her murdered [illegible]
[illegible] from her [illegible]
[illegible] that [illegible] not cause tears
as [illegible] one
be shut up to the conclu-
[illegible] the [illegible] of her
dried up.

Kate McCoy — intimate
her 'Aunt Sally' [illegible] long
[illegible] for Cap[illegible] M[illegible] the
[illegible] f Ky [illegible] in hort
[illegible] l[illegible] 'ds killed.
[illegible] fancy how the grandmother
choke with grief as she
[illegible] to Lt. Cora the
[illegible] of her adopted father All
[illegible] ng trouble a[illegible]
[illegible] g far worse than [illegible]
[illegible] Shaw

ON THE HATFIELD [illegible] of
[illegible] Mrs.
[illegible] nee M[illegible] h
[illegible] suffi[illegible] when
[illegible] T[illegible] rt
Ro[illegible] Jr.
[illegible] ug 7 1888
[illegible] r
[illegible] M
[illegible] being only 18 years old

IN THE HATFIELD-M[illegible]

[illegible] "so end have [illegible]
[illegible]

Th[illegible] the
[illegible] to [illegible] side of the feud Hat-
fields [illegible] that to
J[illegible]
[illegible] to her people a[illegible]
fields 'Nancy W[illegible]
C[illegible]
[illegible] McC[illegible] breeding
C[illegible] the [illegible] as
was [illegible] the
N[illegible] had [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] and
[illegible] mother [illegible] this [illegible]

Mrs.

This

[illegible] feud [illegible]

Troy And Elias Hatfield

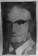
These two sons of Capt. Wi[illegible] Anderson "De[illegible] Anse" Hatfield were the first in his immediate family to die. Though a[illegible] the family survived the days of the feud, Troy and Elias died in a gun battle at Boomer on Oct. 17, 1911 [illegible] result of a [illegible] keeper's war.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IX: 'Devil Anse' Hatfield's Family Circle Broken As Troy, Elias Die In Fight

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

[illegible] "De[illegible] Anse" Ha[illegible] a[illegible] Miss Lev[illegible] Chafin [illegible] married Thursday, April 18, [illegible]. By [illegible] close of the year 1880 they had 13 children, the [illegible] Tennyson [illegible] .880-August 12, 1953.



That family of [illegible] the [illegible] seemed [illegible] ve charmed [illegible]es. Soon, [illegible] all good things come to an end because all that are mor[illegible] al [illegible] well [illegible] there was not [illegible] large family of [illegible] and [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] after the [illegible] two [illegible] ly. [illegible] for the sorrow [illegible] death of two [illegible] and [illegible] Here is [illegible] two brothers [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] between [illegible] and Ga[illegible] Bridge, this [illegible] was owned [illegible] by Elias Hatfield and M. J. Simms. They enjoyed a tremendous business and it was reported that this saloon netted the two partners a monthly profit of a thousand dollars each. It was said to be [illegible] best paying saloon in Fayette County.

DESIRING TO CUT in on the profits of Elias Hatfield and M. J. Simms there were others who ran saloons. One operator opened a saloon across Kanawha River at Eagle on the south side of the stream. There was another oasis in operation across the Kanawha County line near Cannelton. Both saloons were bidding for the Hatfield-Simms trade.

To stimulate trade, the Eagle saloon keeper ran a free ferry across the Kanawha between Boomer and Black Diamond on the [illegible] side. [illegible] took some of Hatfield's patronage but the com[illegible] that worried Hatfield the most was that Carl Hanson saloon across the Kanawha County line from Fayette County. In Hatfield's [illegible]king Carl Hanson was an un[illegible]cal competitor because Hanson cut the price on beer from $3 per case of three dozen bottles. [illegible] to add [illegible] to injury, [illegible] hired a [illegible] of O[illegible] V[illegible], [illegible] or[illegible] and deliver [illegible]rty customers. There [illegible] alien in and around Boomer which had great [illegible] coal [illegible] porting a [illegible] Italian strikebreakers there some [illegible] years before. Vagliozzo could speak the language of the Italians and was popular with them at Harewood, Smithers, Boomer and other places along the Kanawha. This gave him a great advantage over the Hatfield-Simms saloon set-up.

VAGLIOZZO HAD THE NERVE to invade the Hatfield-Simms saloon territory in Fayette County. Several times the Italian was routed by Hatfield and threatened if he did not desist from coming over in the territory where Hatfield and Simms had enjoyed a monopoly on the liquor business. On Tuesday, October 17, 1911, the push came to a shove. That morning the Italian poacher was found encroaching on Hatfield territory again.

Hatfield had attacked Hanson's driver Vagliozzo early in the day and gave him a whipping, then sent him on down the road. Word reached Elias Hatfield that Vagliozzo was at the cabin of Angelo Valenzalo at Harewood. Elias Hatfield took his brother Troy and went to Harewood in search of Vagliozzo. They found him in the kitchen of miner Angelo Valenzalo.

This was about noon, according to Valenzalo, who was eye witness to the [illegible] slaying. Vagliozzo, a[illegible]ed with a 32 cal[illegible] pis[illegible] fire on [illegible]. He [illegible] three bullets in h[illegible]. Elias then retreated out [illegible] front d[illegible] and went around the [illegible] by the back door leaving [illegible] Hatfield inside in the [illegible]. Vagliozzo emptied his [illegible] into the body [illegible] the [illegible]

After the shooting, Elias and Troy sat down on the back porch [illegible] discussed their wounds. [illegible] were [illegible] was [illegible] but Troy lived for hal[illegible] hour. Just before Troy died he told a by-stander that "There's no use looking for anybody. The man who killed us is dead."

THUS IT WAS the family circle was broken in the Devil Anse Hatfield family. This made heavy [illegible]pact on the famous feuding [illegible]ly. Word came in from Lo[illegible] County that Devil Anse, the f[illegible]ing chief, had embraced rel[illegible]. "Uncle Dyke" Garrett, the [illegible] an "Hardshell" Baptist pre[illegible] o[illegible] the mountains who had [illegible] on wi[illegible] Devil Anse [illegible] the [illegible] War with his [illegible] the [illegible] J. G. McN[illegible] had [illegible] neral [illegible] Troy, in Logan Co[illegible]

That day the sons of Devil Anse made a public confession [illegible] faith in the God of the[illegible]. Their mother had long since [illegible] a member of the ch[illegible] Cap. Bob E[illegible]tt, J[illegible] T[illegible] J[illegible] and W[illegible] Ha[illegible] [illegible] of Devil Anse [illegible] "Uncle Dyke" th[illegible] he [illegible] line them. In the main they [illegible] out faithful but in an instance [illegible] so there was some backs[illegible]

Breaking the fa[illegible] c[illegible] the case of the m[illegible] T[illegible] [illegible] at seeing the [illegible] fact [illegible] life [illegible] as keeping it unbroken in the sky. They got religion!

Feud Leader's 1921 Funeral At Island Creek Home

[illegible]

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter X: 'Sons Of Devil Anse Hatfield Reconciled Over Grave Of Dead Father'

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

[illegible] McC[illegible] are the [illegible]

[illegible] that has been written is garbled beyond belief.

[illegible] of the [illegible] people on [illegible] the [illegible] of the Hatfields and McCoys and many of [illegible] today [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible]

IN THE DEVIL ANSE Hatfield Cemetery on [illegible] Creek in Logan [illegible] following [illegible] my [illegible] notebook [illegible] the [illegible] monument there one reads:

"Capt. Anderson Hatfield
1839-1921
[illegible] Hatfield
1842-1929

[illegible] the feet of the statue monument appears [illegible] Robert E. Mary, [illegible] Joseph D. [illegible] Their [illegible] at a [illegible] the Anderson [illegible] and Mrs. [illegible] The [illegible] was [illegible]

OTHER INSCRIPTIONS

[illegible]

ANOTHER STONE [illegible] ground [illegible] Dr. R. H[illegible] M. D. [illegible] 1880—Aug. 30, 1938. At Re[illegible] is Devil Anse's doctor son [illegible] good one he was.

Long were he and his brother William A. "Cap" Hatfield at [illegible]. They were bitter toward each other [illegible] and that [illegible] a [illegible] of soul to their father, Devil Anse [illegible] the death-bed request of the [illegible] father of the two [illegible] that they forgive each other and be [illegible]—that life is too short to [illegible] hate each other and [illegible]

On [illegible] the touching reconciliation was effected when Cap Hatfield and Dr. E. R. Hatfield of Charleston, W. Va. [illegible] hands. Cap Hatfield led in the re[illegible] and tears flowed down the [illegible] the two brothers [illegible] mourn [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Hopkins [illegible] think [illegible]

BOTH DEVIL ANSE [illegible] wife [illegible] 87 [illegible] of [illegible] Randolph McCoy [illegible] and died [illegible] One [illegible] the Hatfield [illegible] Creek says [illegible] 1880—May [illegible] 1900 [illegible] One more [illegible] of Moss F. Hatfield 1886 [illegible] And the one of [illegible] Sept. 5 [illegible] Hatfield Born Apr. 3 [illegible] June 3, 1888 [illegible]

DEVIL ANSE HATFIELD

[illegible] Sept. 9 1839 [illegible] Jan. [illegible] 1921 [illegible]

Devil Anse's Last Resting Place

[illegible]

Photo by [illegible]

Yesterday And Today—

Odds, Ends On Greatest Of Family Feuds

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

For the [illegible] days much ha[illegible] been [illegible] department about the Hatfield McCoy feud [illegible] to make a [illegible] Today's stint will bring [illegible] tidbits to a close for the [illegible] being Some general observa[illegible] will do

On Island Creek in Logan County up from the settlement of Stirrat is where Devil Anse used to live One day I sat in the Pioneer Drive Inn [illegible] by the highway and [illegible] across 16-foot-wide Island Creek at the site of the Hatfield home Long ago it was gone but spirits of the Hatfields seem to linger over it

When I built my library building almost 20 years ago I used a stone from each West Virginia county. The one C. A. Kincaid of [illegible] Hill, W. Va. brought from the [illegible] from Logan County which I [illegible] into the inner walls. It [illegible] rock from the chimney [illegible] two-story house where Devil Anse spent his last years [illegible] stone I had sand-blasted [illegible] saliest fact for visitors to see [illegible] read They like to touch it.

If that stone had a tongue, it would — if it would — narrate [illegible] interesting stories

THE OLD RANDOLPH MCCOY

[illegible] bought by her father [illegible] Mrs. Critt Scott told me [illegible] on Valentine Day. [illegible] It had less than 100 acre[illegible] Mrs. Scott's father was [illegible] Farley Each of Grandfather Farley's four children were [illegible] of about 21 acres of Randall McCoy land

One of the children John B. [illegible] as we read Mrs Scott was on his part of land [illegible] graveyard where the five grandchildren of Randall and [illegible] McCoy are buried [illegible] Mr. Mrs. Critt Scott [illegible] tha Randolph [illegible] the H[illegible] Jan. 1, 1888 [illegible] Ca[illegible] and A[illegible] The above aid J[illegible] Lo[illegible] Mullens [illegible] by H[illegible] Cap[illegible]

RANDOLPH MCCOY

event [illegible] kick-off [illegible] long drawn out and bloody feud

ON FEB 16, 1955, [illegible] to Newtown in Mingo County [illegible] research on the Ha[illegible] There I was guest [illegible] of Mr and Mrs. Kirk Hatfield Mrs Kirk Hatfield and I were born only two or three miles apart at Rock Cabin in Jackson County W Va She was Mrs Agatha Brotherton daughter of our neighbor, James Brotherton

She went to Mingo County in 1908 to teach school You see Jackson County, used to supply West Virginia with school teachers. There Agatha Brotherton married Kirk Hatfield son of the ill-fated Ellison Hatfield Mrs Kirk Hatfield taught school for 50 years and retired from the profession in 1953 with a pension. She is a first-cousin of the late Fred Wolfe former editor of the Ripley, W Va, Mountaineer, who died Feb 7, 1957

Mrs Kirk Hatfield knows the Hatfield history from beginning to end and is a learned woman with a most remarkable memory a thing I envy her She told me that Sarah Ann Staton, who married Ellison Hatfield was the granddaughter of a woman also named Jackson from Tennessee and that she was related to the Andrew Jackson family

Mrs Kirk Hatfield went on to tell me that she was 13 years old when John F Morgan was hanged near Ripley W Va on Dec 18, 1908 the last legal public execution in West Virginia She remembers Morgan was buried on the Ulysses L[illegible] farm beneath three pine trees which stood in a triangle Some one burned sulphur at the grave the night of the day he was burned to make a curious lurid green fire, in order to [illegible]

ACROSS FROM NEWTOWN on Ma[illegible] is a high [illegible] where [illegible] Hatfields are [illegible] There on [illegible] read these [illegible] Eph Ha[illegible] Born 1812 D. 1881, [illegible] Hatfield E[illegible] Hatfield father of ex-Sen. Henry D Hatfield, [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] Glenn A A[illegible] Jim Mc[illegible] M Browning Tom Chafin [illegible] er C[illegible] Allen Chafin Oct 28, 1869-Feb 28 1945 He[illegible] Ha[illegible] Ep[illegible] E H Ge[illegible] [illegible] B Hatfield Rev Joe [illegible] April 4 1891-Ja[illegible] 2, 1960. [illegible] Joe was a Missionary Baptist preacher and he and I were friends [illegible] are Pat Hatfield Bo[illegible] 1835 died July 4 1902; Joe Hatfield. Born 1861 died Feb. 23 1960.

Then to I spotted these [illegible] Ellison Hatfield 1841-1882 the one whose killing started the feud in earnest By him repose his son, Floyd Hatfield, 1872 1949. There there lies E[illegible] [illegible] Sarah Staton Hatfield, 1841-1935

A LIBRARY OF BOOKS have been written [illegible] this feud With few exceptions much that has been [illegible] written [illegible] is full of glaring errors [illegible] are persons [illegible] photographs labeled wrong T[illegible] I think [illegible] done because there were no other ways to [illegible] the writers

One of these days I think I'll write one [illegible] maybe there [illegible] makes sense, too Say what you [illegible] the Hatfield McCoy feud is as much a chapter in American history as is that other na-civil Civil War of 1861-65, in which the Tug River feud was most certainly rooted

The End

By Don Marsh

NOT long ago, H. D Hatfield wrote a letter to a newspaper saying that he and his uncle, Joe Hatfield, had been attempting without success to obtain aid from the state in maintaining their family cemetery.

Since the Hatfields are very nearly a state institution, particularly with the Centennial so near, I called Joe Hatfield (H. D has no telephone) and asked if I might visit him. "Oh yes, sure," he said. "Come on anytime. I'm never far away. I'll be looking for you."

It takes about two-and-a-half hours to drive from Charleston to Sarah Ann, in Logan County where he lives. On a good day, which my wife and I fortuitously chose, it is a pleasant trip.

Once, it was more difficult. When the feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys was on, a New York reporter named T. C. Crawford went to Logan to interview the Hatfields. He said the trip from Charleston to Logan was "two days of the roughest riding." The road wound along creek beds and through streams. C[illegible] was in constant fear of snakes and diseases.

THE 13 MILES from Logan to the Hatfield house was, though shorter, equally arduous. Crawford's party occa[illegible] passed a hard faced mountaineer carrying a rifle and he had a disturbing feeling the back of the neck that he constantly was being spied on.

Main Island Creek, a clear [illegible] stream then, is [illegible] with the pollution of [illegible] have [illegible] along its banks. [illegible] to [illegible] Many of the miners' [illegible] abandoned and the [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]

ty of the [illegible]. They are tall and th[illegible] foliage. They couldn't have changed much in the 70 years [illegible] first [illegible] last or, for that matter, in 10 times 70 years.

WE PASSED th[illegible] hancey Cedar Barn[illegible] Stirral Crystal Block and [illegible] finally came to the little c[illegible]

[illegible] of Sarah Ann. A few hundred [illegible] her and [illegible] sa[illegible] sign saying "Hatfi[illegible] M[illegible] n a t [illegible]" so we [illegible] principal [illegible] of a [illegible] Tombstones, [illegible] and [illegible] strewn on the [illegible] around [illegible] like a backyard workshop for a big wooden house [illegible] which [illegible] shares a common fence.

As we walked toward the gate an elderly man came to meet [illegible]. He wore an ancient [illegible] panama hat, a [illegible] buttoned at the neck, [illegible] pants and thick [illegible] shoes. He was stooped a [illegible] I judged him to be in his

WHO'D STATE LIKE TO MAKE CEMETERY A PARK?

Family Is Wi[illegible] Ma[illegible] It Under Certain Conditions

and his step was hesitant his hand was firm "Hello" he said "I am Joe Hatfield"

"I know you [illegible] I [illegible]

"I'm not no no That [illegible] H D a place H [illegible] today H [illegible] to go [illegible] on [illegible] let's go [illegible] where we [illegible]

• • •

WE WALKED [illegible] a pair of small [illegible] pumped and [illegible] his feet He [illegible] with a [illegible] They [illegible] house [illegible] When he [illegible] in a chair [illegible] lay down near him.

He told us that his full name was Joseph Davis Hatfield, that he was born April 2 1882 (which made him 79) and that he was the 10th child of William Anderson (Devil Anse) and Levicy Chafin Hatfield. He is the oldest of the couple's three surviving [illegible]

"Do about call him Devil Anse" he said "He [illegible] the name himself In fact, he was [illegible] of it. I [illegible] sure he got it I've heard two stories. One is that he got caught in a place called the Devil's Backbone (the Devil's Tea Table or some [illegible] name during the Civil War and got away from enemy soldiers The other story is that—he had a brother called "Preacher Anse" and folks [illegible] calling him Devil Anse to tell them apart I don't know for sure which [illegible]

• • •

"WHAT KIND [illegible] man was [illegible] Well I'll tell [illegible] man [illegible] he [illegible] I [illegible] think [illegible] as one [illegible] in the [illegible]

MONUMENT TO W[illegible]

JOE "DAVE" HATFIELD (SON OF A [illegible] MEMENTO [illegible])

HATFIELDS AND FRIENDS IN THE TIME OF THE FEUD

Devil A[illegible] Foreground Sons Are Tenn[illegible] and Willis. Standing, from left: O. C. Dem[illegible] El[illegible] Tra, and Joe Hatfield, Tom Chafin and W. E. Borden

[illegible] he [illegible] very proud of his hair and beard. He carried a comb in his pocket and when he wasn't doing anything else he'd pull out his comb and comb his [illegible]

[illegible] was good to all of us [illegible] we respected [illegible]. When he told us to do [illegible] he generally didn't [illegible] to say a word more than [illegible]

"I [illegible] he whipped [illegible] his [illegible]. The [illegible] because I stayed [illegible] late. They were having a party and I went to get a colored man who [illegible] for us and he was [illegible] I [illegible] get [illegible] after to a [illegible] I didn't know [illegible] where [illegible] he gone [illegible] a [illegible]

[illegible] with the [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] anybody hate [illegible]

days later. He w[illegible] 82 [illegible] old. He was b[illegible] 29th [illegible] of September.

HATFIELD [illegible] he [illegible] sure [illegible] of [illegible] ly a[illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] ink it was [illegible] father chose the [illegible] in the [illegible] War and the McCoy patriarch, Randolph chose the North as [illegible] mostly southern reason.

"The [illegible] ory in our family has [illegible] been that old man Randolph and dad served together in the same company, the 45th Virginia. I [illegible] heard dad tell how [illegible] and Randolph got [illegible] by a [illegible] were [illegible] Randolph [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] rted [illegible] M[illegible]

the McC[illegible] lived act as [illegible] Kentucky.

After [illegible] dad old [illegible] got [illegible] them. He [illegible] ed over the [illegible] and bought [illegible] acres here [illegible] Main Island [illegible] His hou[illegible] w[illegible] a little piece up [illegible] but [illegible] burned dow[illegible]

He [illegible] said many accounts have [illegible] about the [illegible] n Romeo [illegible] and Ro[illegible] Ann M[illegible] of R[illegible]

"She and [illegible] sweetheart [illegible] He [illegible] a [illegible] w[illegible] in [illegible] He [illegible] them. He [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] AND [illegible]

(Continued From Page [illegible])

[illegible] the boy right after [illegible]

[illegible] lived only a few minutes [illegible] hour [illegible] and [illegible] he said. He [illegible] likable boys. Troy [illegible] a beat shot in the family.

•

DURING our conversation I was continually impressed by his efforts to instill my recollection [illegible] of events that happened [illegible] years ago.

He [illegible] only slightly [illegible] his memory is exceptional. A trait he said is common in his family. He wears glasses but his eyes are clear, he speaks in a firm voice and his hearing is good. I thought his walk lacked vigor but I [illegible] until [illegible] I learned he had fallen from a [illegible] a few days earlier while roofing his house.

He told us he had been a miner, a lumberman and a farmer and that he once served a term as [illegible] of Lassen County. At one [illegible] he [illegible] this [illegible] the [illegible] him most [illegible] was the fact that he had never been arrested. "never even got a parking ticket."

He obviously takes pride in his family and in his land. His house is [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] is [illegible] and [illegible] sidewalks are in excellent repair.

•

HE MADE [illegible] clear that he is not [illegible] the [illegible] this [illegible] important that [illegible] to share with others.

He told us there was not even a roadside marker to tell visitors that the Hatfields lived nearby and he [illegible] asked something of his problems with the cemetery.

"I used to take care of it, clean it up good, but I'm getting too old to keep up with it anymore. Me and [illegible] have been trying to get some of those $1 an hour men up here but we can't seem to get any satisfaction.

"Actually what I'd like to do [illegible] if [illegible] he [illegible] I'd give it [illegible] if they asked it and they'd [illegible] rest of the [illegible] there. He [illegible] I [illegible] does [illegible] that the Hatfields [illegible]

WE [illegible]

[illegible] y. He [illegible] sure of his [illegible] it was the one he [illegible]

"Sir, the only thing I have of dad's is part of his grist mill and a plow that he made out of a natural growth he found in the woods. He didn't hardly have to do anything with it. It just grew like a plow."

• • •

WE WENT to [illegible] mill [illegible] where the plow was kept and while we were there the back door of the house opened and Mrs. Hatfield came out briskly sweeping the sidewalk.

She is a motherly looking woman with a great deal of nervous energy. "Lands sakes everything is a mess," she said, sweeping vigorously. "He did the best he could but he just cleans up the center of the floor and lets the corners go. I'm a great corners cleaner myself."

"So you're from a newspaper," she said when we [illegible] introduced. "We get a [illegible] of people stopping here. Some of them make me so mad. Two big fellows came up and said they heard that Devil Anse was so mean that the day he died he held a gun on his wife. What do you think about [illegible] a thing like [illegible] I told them to get off [illegible] I shooed them out. And them great big strapping fellows, too.

Why he was the finest old gentleman you'd ever want to meet. He had brown eyes and I can [illegible] snapping they were to this day. The Hatfields are fine people. I'm proud of the family and it seems to me the [illegible] should take a little pride in them, too."

A little later Hatfield offered to take us to the cemetery.

"Do you want your walking stick?" his wife called.

"Oh, no. I won't need it," he said.

•

THE CEMETERY is about half a mile from his [illegible] up a hill. The path to it is an old road originally used in a timbering operation. It is filled with rocks [illegible] to walk on.

"I [illegible] this spot and I'll never know why," Hatfield said. "It's awful hard to get up here."

As we got [illegible] we [illegible] a new grave and in [illegible] to my question, Hatfield said the cemetery was still in use. "A [illegible] I [illegible] dug it [illegible] he [illegible] the top of [illegible] the [illegible] Joe [illegible] he was [illegible] the [illegible]"

•

WEED, BRUSH COVER CEMETERY

THE H FIELDS (cont'd)

Proud Family

baled the [illegible]
shown De[illegible]
front w[illegible]
His left le[illegible]
He to we[illegible]
a [illegible]
faced [illegible]
On an[illegible]
Th bac[illegible]
son Hatfie[illegible]
Chalin His W[illegible] 1868 1939

On the other [illegible]
son Wm A [illegible]
, Elbas R [illegible]
Turbo died [illegible]
ago Ellis [illegible]
D., Rose,
E., The r Cl[illegible]
Hatfield [illegible]

his sister Rose Br[illegible]
7 [illegible]
in Logan [illegible]
in Logan County The other
sons and da[illegible] with the
exception of Cap and El[illegible]
beth are buried in the [illegible]
tery

* * *

IT WAS, as he pointed out, badly [illegible] need of maintenance Dev I Ans[illegible] monument was gr[illegible] weather and the a[illegible] of secretion from trees [illegible] it [illegible] to tell [illegible] it' [illegible] asked

Vegetation has grown [illegible] and the cemetery [illegible] a tangle of grass and plants There [illegible] a great deal of mou[illegible] shumate and the cemetery a[illegible] in trees hickory, poplar oak elm, walnut, wild cherry and spruce

Hatfield told us that his father and 'Uncle' Dyke Garrett a noted mountain preacher, planted the spruce [illegible]y years ago "I can remember when these trees were just little things, just look at them now

* * *

IN ADDITION to his immediate family some of the feudists are buried there He pointed to a small headstone and said, "That was one of my father's men" Inscr[illegible] on it were the words "[illegible]

M Ellis Dec 21 1837 April 13 1934

As we walked dow[illegible] the M Hatfie[illegible] [illegible]ed at a flat place on the hill and looked around [illegible] a big [illegible] growing here, he said [illegible] was one of dad's favo[illegible] plac[illegible]

' W[illegible] [illegible] them [illegible] he trouble he got [illegible] and sing[illegible] [illegible] and sing [illegible] the a night with [illegible] he pound the [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]ench the Hatfield [illegible]
[illegible] A [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] and other [illegible]
[illegible] a boy [illegible]
[illegible] Bob got of [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible] Joe G [illegible]
They and [illegible]
and fished

We drove a short [illegible]
off the road and he [illegible]
[illegible] where the old [illegible]
used to be "Wil[illegible]
one day when [illegible] "
Logan R to [illegible] We
never did know [illegible]
the fire Wiring [illegible]
[illegible]"

[illegible] a ranch style [illegible]
on the old lot was a "[illegible]
Rale [illegible]
of the foundat[illegible] of [illegible]
homestead [illegible]
[illegible] to a conc[illegible]
front of the hou[illegible]
here he [illegible] sed to be,
he said.

There was a vagu[illegible]
a[illegible] it and I told [illegible]
[illegible] was hadn't stirred [illegible]
memories. 'Oh [illegible]
[illegible] "I enjoy it I [illegible]
get up this way too often any
more and it's sort of a
change"

We let him out of the car in
[illegible] of the house The last
words he said, as we drove
off were ' [illegible] back now,
I [illegible] he looking [illegible] y[illegible]

Said
Dad Sorry for Feud, Joe Hatfield

[illegible] once [illegible] responsible for [illegible] around the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

[illegible] hear [illegible] he was sorry for all the trouble and that [illegible] have left it to the law [illegible]

Mr. H[illegible] Anderson [illegible] Devil Anse Hatfield [illegible] the most [illegible] mountain feuds.

[illegible] There had been bad blood between the West Virginia Hatfields and the Kentucky McCoys.

• • •

IN 188?, the year [illegible] was born [illegible] took them prisoners and later [illegible] them to death [illegible] feud went on for years.

"My dad always regretted that he had done that," Joe said. "I think he was sorry for it all his life."

Joe Hatfield said he [illegible] 13 or 14," before he was [illegible] away [illegible]

MR. HATFIELD

Joseph D. Hatfield

Devil Anse Hatfield died in 1921 at the age of 82. Death was caused by a stroke and pneumonia. Joe Hatfield died Monday, less than two months after his 80th birthday. His death was caused by pneumonia.

He was the [illegible] of 13 children of A[illegible] Logan [illegible] of Delbue and [illegible] M. Browning of [illegible] the last surviving members [illegible] famil[illegible]

None [illegible] children died in the [illegible] Two of the brothers—[illegible] and Tr[illegible] killed [illegible] Boone[illegible]

[illegible] Hatfield's [illegible] survivors include his widow, Grace; a son, Joe Davis [illegible] ("Pete"); a daughter, Mrs. [illegible] Smith of Huntington; [illegible] grandchildren [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Hatfield will be [illegible] today [illegible] the Nazarene Church in Logan. Burial will be in the Hatfield Cemetery, near [illegible]

[illegible] OF THE LAST [illegible] Hatfield [illegible] The last [illegible] the group [illegible] Willis Hatfield [illegible] right. [illegible] of Joseph Hatfield (at right) [illegible]

BUCKSKIN COUNCIL RE-ELECTS GETTMAN

[illegible] W[illegible] [illegible]erman [illegible] Edward Stemple.

[illegible] are Roy Hampton [illegible] Greenbrier Valley [illegible] and [illegible] Stemple for [illegible]

DEVIL ANSE'S FUNERAL

[illegible] that wintery day that they [illegible] away. The C&O train [illegible] special train [illegible] they could get to the house where [illegible] was being held and Hob Bias went [illegible] passed through Richwood the other [illegible] Cleveland, Ohio, where he sells coal or [illegible]ing for Ray Maust and he stopped to have [illegible] his gift subscriptions come due at the same time and when he was finished he got to talking and he told about attending Devil Anse's funeral.

"I didn't have anything to do that day, and as I was pretty young, maybe twenty or so, I got

PAGE SIXTEEN

on the train and went. I don't remember all about it exactly as things happened only I recall I kept in line through the house from the back and came out on the big front porch. It was [illegible] house that had been added to from time to time and was of a pretty peculiar construction. The porch was a big affair, and was connected to the house with a kind of hall which we all paraded [illegible] and came to a stop on the porch where [illegible] coffin was.

What I remember mostly was what was [illegible] place before me the instant I came to the [illegible] hall and faced the porch. There was [illegible] coffin and on each side of it was a [illegible] of mountain people. They were [illegible] and the funny thing about it was that the two [illegible] were not only not in time or tune with [illegible] but they were singing different songs. [illegible] was [illegible] maybe 'Shall We Gather at [illegible] River' and the other was singing Beulah Land.

The strange [illegible] wasn't the two [illegible] Devil Anse in his coffin, but [illegible] out on the front yard shouting [illegible] night before, [illegible] death, and [illegible] right out to the [illegible] He was jumping [illegible] and screaming [illegible] 'cannon or gun' [illegible] any man [illegible] had filed [illegible] last [illegible] some [illegible]

BOUNCER'S GONE

[illegible] walked into [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] that we [illegible] again. [illegible] Bouncer [illegible] old [illegible] was [illegible] in an [illegible] and [illegible] with me and [illegible] the [illegible] door. [illegible] warm and [illegible] the [illegible] when [illegible] dropped over him [illegible] He [illegible] to be waked because [illegible] with us or whoever [illegible] sleep. When he wasn't [illegible] he was either at somebody's [illegible] He was quite a Lothario and [illegible] exhausted some mornings. And [illegible] scarred. He was [illegible]body's friend in town. Kids would stop to play with him and he would follow them up the street a ways until he met another and then he'd come back. He disliked the rain, and once he waited until a little friend came along with an umbrella and thus got to where he wanted to go and dry too. I am an early riser myself, but Bounce was earlier. He would nuzzle the side of my bed around five, and I'd get up and let him out. That is when it was my time to be host.

The reason the fellow came in for him and took him away and why we'll probably not see him again is the town has passed an ordinance against dogs running the streets. Years ago the city passed one against cows and people raised a big fuss. But now nobody minds. They'd even

[illegible] of Hatfield [illegible] W. Educa[illegible]

Yesterday And Today

Ernest Kent Married Into Hatfield Clan

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

MRS. KENT was married to her [illegible] 20, [illegible] of Mar- [illegible] are constantly [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] 4, [illegible] for [illegible] fa- [illegible] feud. The [illegible]

E. G. KENT'S father [illegible] on the school [illegible] of William Anse Hat- [illegible] There [illegible] four [illegible] in [illegible] Andersen [illegible] 1840- [illegible] sale. Their [illegible] eight [illegible] boys [illegible] most four [illegible] Mary Elizabeth, and [illegible] girls.

[illegible] child was a boy. They [illegible] him Tennyson [illegible] Hatfield but he was wide- [illegible] "Tennis." He was born at time and died on August [illegible] 1932 [illegible] C. He was Sheriff of [illegible] for two years and [illegible] in [illegible] by his brother [illegible] Hatfield. Broth- [illegible] were Wil- [illegible] Jr., "Cap", Rob- [illegible] E. [illegible] Bob, Elbert, Elias, Detroit, "Troy", Joseph, Willis [illegible] and Tennyson ("Tennis").

JOHNSON HATFIELD, born January 4, 1862, while his father was a Captain in the Confederate army, died April 19, 1922, while riding horseback over Twisted Gun Mountain in Logan County.

It was a heart attack that killed the sixty year old man, the [illegible] of Mrs. E. G. Kent. Mrs. [illegible] was the former Miss [illegible] Browning, daugh- [illegible] of [illegible] Browning, a [illegible] Baptist preacher. She died at the age of 25 years in Mingo County. She is buried at [illegible]. Maybe some readers re- [illegible] the Hollywood moving [illegible] of the Hatfield McCoy [illegible] which has been shown in Beckley a number of times. In [illegible] the part of John- [illegible] ("Johnse") Hatfield was played by Farley Granger. By the way the large book of American [illegible] I [illegible] have which has just come off Life magazine presses [illegible] number of pages to Johnse Hat- [illegible] and others of the famous clansmen.

JOHNSE HATFIELD and his brother William Anderson (Cap) Hatfield had a falling out and were estranged for years. This was a source of grief to their father, Devil Anse, and he longed to see them bury their differences. When Elias and Troy were killed at Bosmer, Oct. 17, 1941, the two estranged brothers became reconciled.

Johnson Hatfield, then 59, and his brother "Cap" Hatfield, then 30, made up. Since Devil Anse was getting old—he was then 72—he turned to the Primitive Baptist faith and was baptized by Elder William Dyke (Uncle Dyke) Garrett in the mountain waters of Main Island Creek on a memorable Sunday.

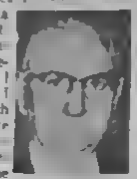
Cap Hatfield and his brother Dr. Elliott Hatfield were still not speaking. However, just on the tragic deaths of Elias and Troy Hatfield brought Johnse and Cap Hatfield together again the death of their father Devil Anse effected the reconciliation of Cap and Dr. Elliott Hatfield.

Over the dead body of their famous father they shook hands amid tears and sorrowing. It was a dramatic moment. Uncle Dyke Garrett told Cap "I will baptize you, boy, in the very hole what I baptized yore pappy." He did and Cap Hatfield swore he was through with malice and fighting and that if any man wanted his life or his blood he would not resist. As stated elsewhere Cap Hatfield died in August 1930 of a brain tumor in Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore of the age of 67 years.

Yesterday And Today—

Mrs. Kent Was Member Of Hatfield Clan

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY



Mrs. Ernest G. Kent, nee Midge Hatfield of Glen White wrote: "I have finished reading your history of Sewell in the Beckley Post-Herald. This brings back many happy memories for me. I came to Sewell as a bride in August 1911. I taught school in a one-room school house where I used a bell, such as you wrote about in a column some days ago to call the children in at the end of recess.

"I had about forty pupils from the first to the eighth grade. Now that I look back through the years I think that I must have been a better 'school keeper' than a teacher. I can recall the old Franklin stove which stood to the middle of the room and kept us cozy on cold days. I imagine this heating is long gone. It was on the main road up Sewell Mountain.

"When Mr. Kent and I went to Indianapolis last year I tried very hard to pick out the old land marks as our train went through and did see our old house, our first home at the mouth of Mann's Creek, between the main line of the C & O and New River. It looked as if all the other houses had given up and rolled into the river.

"I can remember when sportsmen used to come to Sewell to fish for rainbow trout in Mann's Creek. We lived there six happy years. Some of the best people I have ever known were our friends at Sewell. Fifty years is a long time [illegible] so many changes.

"Recently you [illegible] about the Boone family. I [illegible] recall the day that Ta a Amick [illegible] John Boone were married. We [illegible] a to meet years later in Beckley where a [illegible] sons were the best of friends and Tola and I worked in the Mission Circles in the First Baptist Church there."

MRS. MIDGE Hatfield Kent is the daughter of Johnson ("Johnse") Hatfield, eldest son of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, the leader of the Hatfield clan in the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

Her mother was the former Miss Rebecca Browning, "the daughter of Chapman Browning, and old Hardshell Baptist preacher," as Mrs. Kent put it when I visited her a'most six years ago. Johnse Hatfield's first sweetheart was Rosanna McCoy. It will be remembered Mrs. Kent knew the Hatfields who were leaders in the feud that ended over 70 years ago. One of these was "Cap" Hatfield who had a damaged eye.

Mrs. Kent told me the damage to Cap Hatfield's eye was caused by a home-made pop-gun in the hands of her father, "Johnse" Hatfield, who accidentally shot a wad of some [illegible] and that hit Cap's eye and caused an injury that he carried to his grave. Mrs. Kent was raised by her uncle, Dr. Elliott Hatfield.

On the occasion of my visit to the Kents in April, 1955, Mrs. Kent told me about attending Cap Hatfield's funeral. He died of a brain tumor in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, in 1930. Cap Hatfield, the feudist, who succeeded his father, Devil Anse Hatfield as leader of his family clan died at the age of 67 years.

"DEVIL ANSE" Hatfield died January 8, 1921. His death at age of 80 years was caused by a paralytic stroke at his home on Island Creek, Logan County, Anderson Ha[illegible] has given the [illegible] nickname "Devil Anse" when he was a young man. Somehow, the name clung to him and as the man and his family were good newspaper copy for a quarter of a century. He never seemed to resent the name. West Virginia has never produced a more colorful character. His closing years were lived quietly and peacefully in his mountain home.

Long before his death Devil Anse had laid aside the cares. When he died the public conjured up tales of the famous feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys. However, at the time Devil Anse died the facts concerning the feud had become separated from the myth surrounding the feud and exaggerated for rounded people to just what manner of man Anderson Hatfield really was. At least he was as kind as a man could be.

He lived his long life in a [illegible] when simple minded [illegible] folks lived primitive lives [illegible] primitive surroundings. They resorted to primitive justice only when they felt it was necessary, — an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Fear of the others spread from persons to whole families and the feud was on.

My sympathies were with the Hatfields pretty largely because "Devil Anse" Hatfield had been a brave Confederate soldier in the early part of the Civil War.

Yesterday And Today—

Five Of 13 McCoys Were Killed In Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A list of the children of Randolph McCoy, leader and head of the McCoy clan in the Hatfield-McCoy feud of the 1880's, is rather impressive. Randolph and Sallie McCoy had 13 children. From the eldest to the least, these were their names: James, Tolbert, Pharmer, Twinville, Josephine, Allifair, Adelaide, Rose Anne, Randolph Jr., Floyd, Sam, Calvin, and Fanny.

Five of the 13 children of the Randolph McCoy family were allegedly killed by the members of the Hatfield clan. Three were killed one night and two others about six years later.

Three McCoy brothers, Tolbert, Pharmer, and Randolph McCoy Jr., were slain just after dark on the night of Aug. 9, 1882. These were the three brothers who mortally wounded Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse Hatfield, in a fight on election day, Monday Aug. 7, 1882. This melee occurred on Blackberry Creek in Kentucky hard by the home of Jerry Hatfield, an old two-story house that is still standing.

WHEN THAT FIGHT occurred Tolbert McCoy was 21 years old and it was in his 22nd year that he and his two brothers who were tied to paw-paw bushes across Tug River from Matewan, West Virginia, and killed the night of the day Ellison Hatfield died on Harris Hollow up the mountain from the railway depot at Matewan.

Tolbert McCoy was married and had a daughter named [illegible] He was the former Mary Hatfield [illegible] was widowed by the guns of the Hatfields and [illegible] a little over two days after the election day fight in which Tolbert, Pharmer, and Randolph Jr., of the McCoy [illegible] died and which wounded [illegible] who had been in [illegible] a little over 24 hours.

Tolbert was a Democrat [illegible] the [illegible] fighting, especially when he got a few drinks under his belt. Pharmer McCoy was nicknamed "Dick."

WHEN WORD GOT OUT that the three McCoy brothers, who had been held hostages to await the outcome of Ellison Hatfield's wounds, were murdered there in a paw-paw thicket in Pike County, Ky., (named for Gen. Zebulum Pike for whom Pike's Peak in Colorado also is named,) old Randolph McCoy went to recover the bodies of his three sons.

He hauled the dead men in a sled drawn by two yoke of oxen. It was just six miles from the sink hole, where the three McCoys were killed, to their father's house on Blackberry Fork of Pound Mill Branch across Turkey Foot ridge in Kentucky. They were buried on a little bench, all in the same grave, in full view of the McCoy home. When I visited this family burial ground this common grave was unmarked. When this triple death took place, James McCoy, a brother of the three victims, was 33 years old. He was the best of the family, people said.

THE NEXT WHOLESALE killing of McCoys took place on New Years Day night, 1888. That night at about 10:30 the Hatfields, led by Jim Vance, sought to wipe out evidence against them in the feud murders by killing those who would testify. They attacked the Randolph McCoy home, set it on fire, and killed Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair.

Calvin and Allifair were buried in the graveyard where Tolbert, Pharmer, and Randolph Jr., had been buried. Calvin's grave is marked with a durack. The name is picked out in the flat old field rock in two lines. "Cal" and below it, "vin."

I visited the home of Mrs. Curt Scott who had seen the Hatfields returning from the attack on the McCoy home where they killed Calvin and Allifair and badly injured [illegible] mother. Mrs. Scott was 89 when I called on her [illegible] but mind was [illegible] as a bee. Kindly, Mrs. Scott told how the [illegible] shooting [illegible] Old and wondered [illegible] up to [illegible] was [illegible]

FOR THIS CRIME some of the Hatfield feudists were indicted. One of them, Ellison (Cottontop) Mounts, allegedly the illegitimate son of Ellison Hatfield, deceased, was adjudged guilty and hanged Feb. 18, 1890. He was buried a stone's throw from where he died on the scaffold of Pikeville, Ky. His crime was the murder of Allifair McCoy, daughter of Randolph McCoy.

This was the only legal capital punishment dealt to any one of the feudists of either clan.

RANDOLPH McCOY was often called "Rand'l" short for his given name. He was 20 years older than Devil Anse Hatfield, head of the Hatfield clan in the long feud. He lived to be 90. His death was the result of complications following his falling in an open fire while living in the home of a nephew at Pikeville.

Devil Anse Hatfield was born Sept. 10, 1839, and died Thursday night, Jan. 8, 1921, of a paralytic stroke. Hatfield died at his home, since burned, on Main Island Creek, Logan County.

Coleman A. Hatfield of Logan, is the eldest living grandson of Devil Anse and is a respected attorney.

[illegible] plus expenses.

Hatfield

THE STORY of how Captain Anderson Hatfield (Devil Anse) invaded Concord College at Athens in Mercer County about 1904 and the results of his visit were recently told at a convention of Southern Appalachian Writers at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. The narrator was Kermit Hunter, native of McDowell County, and a writer of dramas and pageants, who is at present engaged in writing a pageant for the West Virginia Historical Drama Association of Raleigh County.

Mr. Hunter, professor of English at Hollins College, Virginia, related this story. "About 1904 or 1905, my mother was a student at Concord College. She was Lillian R. Farley of Thessalia, Virginia, near Pearisburg (she is now Mrs. O. J. Hunter of Welch, West Virginia), and after getting her teacher's certificate at Athens, went to McDowell County to teach at Hatfieville (now Davy). She was rooming at the house of Professor James H. Holroyd, who seemed to have been head of the college at that time, although I'm not sure about this.

"One evening, my mother said, they looked out and saw a crowd of horsemen pulling up in front of the house. Each man had a long rifle across his saddle. The leader dismounted and came up, knocked on the door. Professor Holroyd opened the door and the man took off his broad-brimmed black hat and said, 'I'm Anderson Hatfield'.

That was enough to send my mother to the kitchen with the other woman, but they overheard the conversation. Hatfield was described as a giant in a long black coat and with a beard.

"A student at Concord named Hatfield could not see in the dark, so they called him Moon-Eye. He always carried a lantern at night, holding it out in front of him and peering at the ground. The fellows used to throw rocks and break the lantern, and Moon-Eye would have to stumble and feel his way home. He had built a shield around the lantern shade, so one night someone shot out the lantern with a .22 rifle. It was a few weeks later that this crowd of horsemen rode up and the leader announced, "I'm Anderson Hatfield. I understand someone's been shooting at Moon-Eye.'

Nothing that Holroyd said had any effect. The horsemen went through the college town house by house, questioning and probing. About ten that night they rode away. My mother said that after that no one ever shot at Moon-Eye again. 'Devil Anse,' dignified and urbane, was apparently not a man to be trifled with."

The word 'feud' a heritage for Devil Anse Hatfield's great-grandson

"This type of Appalachian history must be preserved."

— Senate President Earl Ray Tomblin, D-Logan, in whose district the feud erupted

By Mannix Portarfield
HERALD-REPORTER

STOLLINGS — On the bumper of his Ford pick-up truck is attached a personalized license plate.

For Dr. Coleman Hatfield, the word "feud" is heritage.

More than a century ago, his ancestors locked horns with the McCoys, dropping blood on both sides of the Tug Fork in a family war that became, through newspaper coverage of the day, America's most celebrated feud.

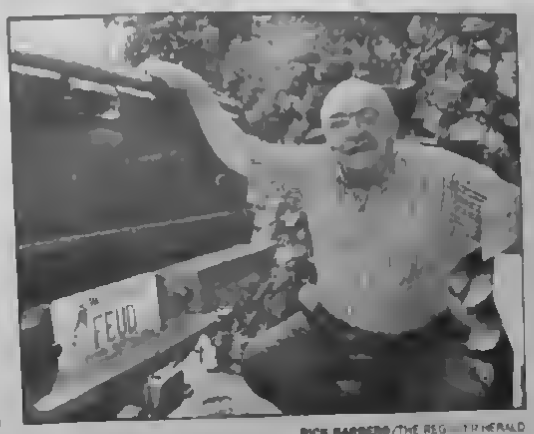
Hostilities intensified to a fever. It was said so many bounty hunters were crossing the winding stream dividing West Virginia and Kentucky that one could walk across on their backs without writing one's feet.

Crawling upon his father's knees with a younger sister for bedtime stories, the great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield on occasion heard handed down accounts of the feud from his father, the late Coleman Anderson Hatfield, an attorney in Logan County. Over the years, the lawyer painstakingly compiled voluminous journals of his family's history.

"He had a remarkable memory and could feed all kinds of things," the son recalled.

"In his time at the office, when not seeing clients, he would dictate some of these tales. I have a great deal [illegible] I have. He had [illegible] being [illegible] at [illegible] It never [illegible]

[illegible] managed to do [illegible] of [illegible]



RICK BARBERO/THE REGISTER-HERALD

His personalized license plate gives fellow motorists a hint of Dr. Coleman Hatfield's heritage — great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield. Childhood peers seldom raised the issue of his great-grandfather's role in America's most celebrated family feud, but the retired optometrist has much to say about it in his book, "The Tale of the Devil."

"To the best of my thinking, the feud started probably over community and political rivalry, and it broke out in an election in Pike County."

DR. COLEMAN HATFIELD,
great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield
and author of "The Tale of the Devil"
on how the Hatfield-McCoy feud began

■ ■ ■

Just how the feud all began has been the subject of conjecture and theory by a wide gamut of rare speculators over the decades.

Was it the fatal assault on Ellison Hatfield at a Pike County election? A [illegible] over a pig? The [illegible] mountain romance of Johnse Hatfield and Roseanna McCoy?

Or merely a series of such episodes heading into the explosion of three McCoys strapped in paw paw bushes and [illegible] New Year's Day raid [illegible] McC[illegible] cabin [illegible]

[illegible] thing [illegible] the Hatfi[illegible] captured [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

upon by the press in New York City.

The feud has inspired many a book and song, and provided Theatre West Virginia with one of its summer dramas near Beckley.

Hatfield's book is unique, compiled from the vantage point of a family insider, while others relied on other sources. Aided by tapes inherited from his father and the many [illegible]pts, Hatfield's version is not merely another venture into [illegible]tion but an effort to set the record straight, [illegible] and for all.

His great-father was William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield, whom the author met in barbood. Cap discussed the feud with his 6-year-old [illegible] there is [illegible] recollection.

"I remember going [illegible] and a lot [illegible] shed stop a [illegible] kid around [illegible] be [illegible] ride a [illegible]

There was [illegible] young Coleman's mother.

"If I had been left alone long enough, I'd have had one of them," mused Hatfield, himself a marksman skeet shooter who still loads his own shells.

His only other memory was of the funeral, one that attracted a huge turnout.

"Cap was probably more active in the feud than Anse was," he says of his grandfather.

"Anse was Cap's father and the leader and all that sort of thing, but Cap was in as many or more episodes than Anse was. After the feud was over, Cap got into enough other trouble and difficulties to exceed what he got into with the feud. In many ways, Cap's life was more interesting than Anse."

■ ■ ■

Hatfield is blessed with a piercing humor that tends to his other skills acquired in life — beekeeping, horticulturist, marksmanship.

Just ask his [illegible]son of other writers with their arsenal of accounts and theories of the mountain vendetta that lasted from 1882 to 1890.

"All of them are absolutely correct," he deadpanned in his comfortable home on the outskirts of Logan. "If you don't believe it, ask the authors."

Hatfield has his own take, one not ordinarily read elsewhere. The two families had ripened into powerful [illegible] respective communities. Devil Anse boasted 12,000 acres of prime timber land and likely became a source of envy among the McCoy clan [illegible] freshly sawed product was rafted in plain sight down the Tug.

"To the best of my thinking, the feud started probably over community [illegible] political rivalry and it broke out in an election in Pike County [illegible] reflected.

"Those [illegible] first true episodes of the [illegible] go, I understand there [illegible] partisan feeling. [illegible] was even a little [illegible] New [illegible] a thing [illegible] have you [illegible]

[illegible] Aug. 9 [illegible] the Ma[illegible] network [illegible]

[illegible]

FEUD

Continued from 6

"Without meaning to [illegible] too many ducks, Randal McCoy was sort of a petty, 'you hurt my feelings, I'm mad at you' kind of personality," Devil Anse's great-grandson [illegible]

"So little things would soak up in him. Anse was not of that caliber. The nearest he came to that, he was intensely protective of his family. So one thing and another blew the feud up at the election."

Eight years after the election-day killing, the feud died out.

"None of the participants knew it was over at the time," Hatfield mused.

"They had to look back at a set point. But the newspapermen of that time and era made every death, every episode, every killing for the next 30 years a spin-off of the feud."

Hatfield views the feud with a fresh perspective — a small slice of a much larger pie: the post Civil War era and its attendant lawlessness.

"There was a great deal of disruption of civil life of various sorts throughout the region and on into the West, into Missouri and into the states that we now [illegible] the cowboy states," he said.

"So [illegible] got a [illegible] sorts of [illegible] What made [illegible] different and therefore got their attention [illegible] fact that it [illegible] inter-state affair [illegible] make like [illegible] divid[illegible] at that time [illegible] sprawl [illegible] enough [illegible]

[illegible] responded in kind.

"So it became a war of words, if you will, because both families were strong and important in their areas," he said.

"The governor of Kentucky was not about to turn his back on a politically important part like Pike County and the governor of West Virginia was not about to do the same with Logan County. The inter-state part kept the [illegible]

[illegible] the verbal [illegible] wound up in the [illegible] Supreme Court. Before it [illegible] this [illegible] [illegible] a day [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] hunters can go from state to state and seize somebody if they can spirit them back."

■ ■ ■

Devil Anse's famous moniker was not an allusion to a dark spirituality. Rather, his descendant figures, it was a tribute to his after-Sunday dinner penchant for using his coarse, hard beard on defeated foes after pinning them in backyard wrestling matches.

"When he threw a man, he'd always made it a habit to beard him good," he said.

Opponents could take being bested in a match. The beard was another matter.

"He was than devilling them," Hatfield says.

His father remembered [illegible] Anse [illegible] [illegible] back [illegible] hand and ha[illegible]

[illegible]

RICK BARRERO/THE [illegible] ALD

Displayed prominently on a wall behind Dr. Coleman Hatfield is a painting of him in younger days, attired in a hunting jacket. Next to that is a panoramic picture of a Confederate reunion of the Encampment of West Virginia in Huntington in 1913. Standing out front is Devil Anse Hatfield, as he appeared eight years before his death.

[illegible] on Pharmer, Tolbert Randal Jr., the p[illegible] three sons [illegible] true until [illegible] that off the fact that [illegible] were two re[illegible] ral families," the author [illegible]

While the term "affluent" wouldn't apply to Devil [illegible] given the somewhat primitive life he settled into high in the mountains of Logan County, which then embraced modern Mingo County, he certainly was well-to-do. [illegible] hardly the image splashed across the pages of American [illegible] as a backwoods hillbilly bent on violence.

See FEUD, 7

What's GREAT about our STATE

PEOPLE · PLACES · & · THINGS · THAT · MAKE · W VA · WONDERFUL

Dr. Coleman Hatfield

- **Lives:** Stollings
- **Occupation:** Retired optometrist and jeweler
- **Hobbies:** Beekeeper, gardener, writing and talking to reporters
- **Hero:** My dad
- **Philosophy of life:** Avoid reporters

that way," Hatfield said. "That was great sport. Whoever he caught got the whiskers again."

Devil Anse enjoyed a reputation for hospitality. He never knew a stranger, and those who ventured onto his turf were expected to stay for supper, even spend the night.

"One of the stories that comes down was that he'd probably fed and put up more people than anybody in Logan County," the author said.

■ ■ ■

Cap Hatfield was less outgoing, even to the point of overly suspicious, he said. One account has the Hatfields normally going in pairs to stores. One would go about his shopping while the other leaned against a wall to keep his wary eyes trained for trouble.

Hatfield the historian traces his clan to the Revolutionary War era, including one ancestor reputed to be the last white man scalped by the Indians.

Cap probably to the best of his understanding felt that Anse had used him as a young man, that he had been pushed forward, the first pawn in line during the times of the feud," the author said.

"As Cap got a little older, with a little education and the ability to do a little thinking, I think there was some coolness between the two of them. Cap, as Dad had mentioned, was suspicious in the respect that he was a bit paranoid. He was not as well-to-do as Anse was, but he had land and property and timber in his later years, and sold the coal rights to it, which left him in financially sound position."

Hatfield sees his grandfather as "probably a bit impetuous and with more of a temper" than the patriarch.

For a follow-up project, Hatfield wants to pen a series of tales and records on Cap.

"I think, in many ways, his life per se would be more interesting than Anse's life, even though it doesn't have quite the notoriety of the feud alone, but was well enough involved in it that he can claim a share of notoriety for whatever that would mean," he said.

Hatfield has never encountered a genuine descendant of the Rondal McCoy clan, but if one came along, the retired optometrist would like to swap memories.

His book stirred much interest and, predictably, inquiries from folks eager to identify their ancestors with their own.

"There are probably 10,000 people who are direct descendants of Anse Hatfield, but they didn't know exactly how," Hatfield said, exhibiting his sharp sense of humor.

"I'm sure he had some children, but not that many."

A man in Missouri called on him to authenticate a gun in his possession as one fired in the feud. On this score, Hatfield has a ready answer. To his knowledge, no one has any such firearm in hand, and his reasoning seems unassailable.

"How many people do you know who are affluent enough to own a car or several cars and like to trade regularly?" he asked. "Many trade them every year. How many of them keep those cars for years after years until they bonafidely become an antique? That was the same position the Hatfields had with weapons. If there was something newer that shot harder, shot faster, was easier to carry, whatever, they were interested in it. Whatever they had had, if it was not aggressively useful, they parted with it."

Hatfield tells his tale of the family with pinpoint accuracy and says he isn't bothered by the violence associated with his kin.

"The side of them that made them representative people in the community, that made them this and that, and so forth, I think is as much pride as the feeling of violence and being part of the feud," he said.

"I think the feud was a natural aftermath of the Civil War. It wasn't caused by the Civil War, but the civil disruption that lasted a good 40 years after the Civil War was very much a part of what allowed the feud to happen. There was no law and order per se. There was no one you could turn to."

So violent was the era in general the Kentucky governor was hard put to find replacements after so many judges and prosecutors fell victim to gun play.

"I think he sent them a sum of cash, possibly out of his own means, and said, do your best to defend yourself, and when you get conditions to calm down a little, we'll be glad to come in and help you establish law and order."

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